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Anne Cubbing Smith

THE

MOURTRAY FAMILY.

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

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FOR

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THE

FAMILY

OF

MOURTRAY.

CHAP. I.

EMMA was now ſettled in her new habitation, where ſhe was received, by Lord Miramont's tenants and domeſtics, with every token of joy and reſpect.

With a diſpoſition not leſs ſanguine than that of her mother, ſhe cheriſhed the belief, that ſhe ſhould enjoy the moſt uninterrupted felicity. She had attained the firſt wiſh of her heart: the only man who had ever made an impreſſion on it,

was ſecurely her own; and with him, rank, affluence, and all that could gratify vanity and ambition.

When ſhe reflected on the little chance, there had been formerly, of ſuch an event ever happening, ſhe felt very ſenſible of her good fortune; and that her ſituation, when ſhe entered in the world, gave her no right to expect any thing of the kind.

At that time a moſt captivating rival ſtood in her way: one well verſed in thoſe ſeductive arts that often fix the wavering paſſions of men; yet ſhe had ſupplanted this rival, conquered Lord Miramont's repugnance to marriage, and reigned now ſole miſtreſs of his heart.

Nothing could be more natural than that a beautiful woman, ſuch as Emma was—young, inexperienced, and whoſe ſentiments were not leſs pure than tender, ſhould

ſhould imagine this empire firmly eſta-bliſhed. As he could have no other inducement to marry her, than the moſt ardent paſſion, ſhe had no idea this could ever diminiſh, eſpecially as ſhe judged of his heart by her own.

The accounts ſhe had heard of his fickle temper gave her no uneaſineſs.—Various cauſes, beſides inconſtancy, might be aſſigned for the diſcontinuance of his attachment to Lady Fredville, who was nearly old enough to be his mother; and Emma fondly hoped, that reflection had awakened in him, a due ſenſe of the guilt of ſuch connections.

Had he ever been attached to any eſtimable perſon, and forſaken her, then, indeed, ſhe would have trembled; but, as fame reported, he had hitherto only wandered from one frail beauty to another; probably many of theſe had been rather the ſeducers than the ſeduced;

and the foundation which ſuch connections ſtood upon, was formed of materials naturally tending to diſſolution.

His attachment to her reſted on a very different baſis: it was cemented by the moſt ſacred ties; ſupported not merely by love, but by eſteem; and as ſhe reſolved to neglect no means of ſtrengthening the latter, and cheriſhing the former, ſhe did not anticipate any future evils.

The few perſons of faſhion, who had not yet left the country, came to ſee her, as did all thoſe of an inferior degree in the neighbourhood, who had any pretenſions to be received at Highwood.

Her beauty, her ſweetneſs, and, above all, her affability, gained her general approbation: every body commended the choice of Lord Miramont, who was thought by others, as well as himſelf, to be one of the happieſt of men.

Lord

Lord Fontelieu, and two or three of his moſt intimate friends, made him a viſit: the former eſteemed Emma exceedingly; and as ſhe became more acquainted with him, his character roſe very much in her eſtimation: his late kindneſs to his ſiſter, Lady Bell Darnford, on whom he had ſettled two hundred pounds a year, did not a little delight her.

The beauty of Highwood, even in this dreary ſeaſon of the year, as likewiſe the ſtyle of living adopted there, charmed Emma. She partook in all her Lord's amuſements, fox-hunting excepted; for ſhe went out with his harriers, walked and rode with him. At dinner ſhe had uſually a ſmall cheerful ſociety; or, what was ſtill more agreeable to her, a tête-à-tête; and the evenings, whilſt his friends were there, were divided between billiards and muſic.

The hours, indeed, were neither as early, nor as regular as ſhe liked; Lord Miramont, all his life, having been accuſtomed to keep late hours, and to diſregard regularity; but in this point, as well as every other, ſhe found a gratification in conforming to his taſte.

It was not without regret that ſhe left Highwood to go to Lord Miramont's houſe, in Hill Street: the hope only of ſeeing her mother ſoon, reconciled her to her change of abode.

Emma, immediately after her marriage, ſettled a ſmall annuity on Du Maſſon, her old preceptor, to whom ſhe wrote, giving him a friendly invitation to make her a viſit. He returned a grateful anſwer to her letter, full of congratulations on her marriage, and expreſſing his joy that ſhe had married an *ariſtocrate*. He added, that, owing to the bounty of her father, he was comfortably boarded with very

very honeſt people, and ſituated ſo much to his ſatisfaction, that, at preſent, though very ſenſible of her kindneſs, he could not think of returning to England.

One of the greateſt pleaſures Emma enjoyed, after her arrival in town, was in cheering the hearts of her emigrant friends, her affluent circumſtances now, permitting her theſe benevolent gratifications: ſhe, therefore, privately remitted to them a ſum ſufficiently large to render their ſituation perfectly eaſy; and as they had no doubt whence this generoſity ſprung, they did not decline profiting by it, feeling the livelieſt gratitude towards their amiable benefactreſs.

Mrs. Mourtray arrived in Hill Street a few days after her daughter, who received her with joy and tenderneſs; and the Marquis, alſo, gave her a very cordial reception. She took poſſeſſion of the handſome apartments allotted to her with

infinite delight; and, charmed with the air of grandeur diffuſed throughout the houſe, and with the reſpect every perſon in it paid her, ſhe now moſt heartily rejoiced that Emma had reſiſted her importunities to marry Chowles.

About this time, letters at length arrived from Mourtray: the firſt he had written, immediately after he reached Antigua, fell into the hands of the French. Theſe laſt letters mentioned the deplorable ſtate in which he had found his affairs, and how much he rejoiced that he had gone thither; for he had diſcovered ſeveral fraudulent practices of his agent, whom he had diſmiſſed; and, though he foreſaw many difficulties, he was not without hope, with the aſſiſtance of his valuable new acquaintance, the friend of his deceaſed couſin, that he ſhould gain his cauſe; but he was grieved to ſay, that he could fix no time for his return to England,

England, being determined firſt to get through this intricate buſineſs.

He ſent every tender aſſurance of his affection to his wife and daughter, and anxiouſly enquired if they had yet been able to learn the fate of his unhappy ſon. Mrs. Mourtray and Emma could not refrain from weeping over his letters: again they lamented his abſence, and again they mourned the loſs of Henry: theſe circumſtances, alone, caſt a ſhade over their preſent felicity.

Scarcely was Emma ſettled in town than her houſe was crowded with all her own, and her Lord's more numerous acquaintance. Lady Wilmington, and Lady Elizabeth Fontelieu, were amongſt her earlieſt viſitors; and as both were in good humour and ſpirits, they were extremely civil: the former offered to preſent her at Court, which offer Emma gratefully accepted. Before Lady Wilmington

left her, ſhe whiſpered—that Sir Harry Paragon had propoſed to her daughter, and that their union would ſhortly take place.

It ſeems Lady Elizabeth had found means to perſuade him, that, as his conſtitution was ſo very delicate, he wanted a tender nurſe, intereſted in his health; he thought, therefore, he could not chooſe a better, than the perſon who ſhewed ſo much regard, for what was of the firſt importance, in his opinion.

Lord Wilmington, who was juſt returned from Ireland, left his name at Emma's door, but avoided all opportunities of ſeeing her, excepting at a formal dinner; which, according to his ideas of *etiquette*, he thought himſelf obliged to give the Marquis and Marchioneſs, as connections of his family.

Emma was extremely happy to perceive, he had re-aſſumed his ſtatelineſs of manner, and had laid aſide thoſe tender ogles and fine ſpeeches, which, for a time, had been ſo oppreſſive to her.

Naturally lively, and united to a man, who conſidered pleaſure as neceſſary to his exiſtence, Emma now entered into a career of diſſipation, which he the more eagerly encouraged, as it gratified his vanity, that her beauty ſhould attract general admiration.

Paſſionately in love, not inclined to jealouſy, and conſcious that ſhe had neither eyes nor ears for any but himſelf, he delighted in ſeeing her followed by all the faſhionable men, many of whom ſeemed on the watch, to engage an approbation, which he was certain ſhe never would beſtow upon them.

Perhaps, however, that little tincture of vanity in her compoſition, rendered her not abſolutely diſpleaſed with the adulation ſhe received; but her heart being guarded by love, and accuſtomed ever to hold gallantry and coquetry in abhorrence, ſhe repelled the aſſiduities of theſe men, with equal dignity and diſcretion.

The diſtribution of her time was nearly ſimilar to that of other fine Ladies, excepting that ſhe paſſed few of her morning hours in bed, and ſtill fewer at her toilet. In other reſpects, like them, ſhe was whirling about in her carriage till dinner; in the evening flying from one aſſembly to another; often to public places; but at the former, as ſhe did not like cards, ſhe uſually made a very ſhort ſtay; and, whenever ſhe could, was glad to get home tolerably early.

A mode of life ſo frivolous, of ſo little utility to herſelf, or others, ſoon diſguſted

Emma,

Emma, who longed to adopt a more rational ſyſtem; but this her Lord oppoſed; for, though he loved her with unabated fondneſs, he was nothing leſs than ſentimental; and any deviation from the habits of thoſe he denominated *the world*, he treated as romantic notions, which he turned into ridicule.

He had two or three favourite maxims: one of theſe was, that no two perſons could live much alone, together, without becoming perfectly indifferent to each other; it was, therefore, indiſpenſable frequently to invigorate their ſpirits in gay and brilliant ſocieties. Another (which he repeated ſtill oftener, for fear that Emma might have imbibed ſome of her mother's notability) was, that a domeſtic, managing wife was, of all creatures, the moſt vulgar, inſipid, and inſupportable.

Emma, therefore, had no choice; however ſurfeited ſhe might be with diſſipation, ſhe was forced to continue in its purſuit; and whatever diſorder ſhe obſerved in her family, to paſs it over unnoticed.

The moſt comfortable hours ſhe now paſſed were thoſe appropriated to dinner; for Lord Miramont frequently dined at home, and then ſeldom went out till late in the evening: but even this pleaſure had its alloy; for ſeveral wild young men, friends and companions of the Marquis, often dropped in, without form, eagerly ſeeking theſe occaſions, to ſee his beautiful wife doing the honours of her table; and, by her innocent gaiety, enlivening her family circle.

Sometimes, vexed at their intruſion, ſhe retired early to her apartment; when, in revenge for her deſertion, they carried off her Lord to clubs, or wherever their whims

whims directed them. But he always returned home with every appearance of ſatisfaction, and his temper was uncommonly good.

The ſpring was now advanced, when, one day, Emma received a note from Lady Bell Darnford, earneſtly requeſting to ſee her, being juſt arrived at a houſe, ſhe had hired, in Clarges Street. She informed her of her brother's generoſity; and that her parents ſtill continued obdurate.

Emma obeyed this ſummons, and was received by her volatile friend with extraordinary tranſports of joy. Lady Bell looked extremely pretty; but, at times, her countenance was overcaſt with a ſhade of melancholy, whence Emma conjectured, ſhe already repented her indiſcreet choice in a huſband: ſhe forbore, however, aſking her any queſtions, waiting

waiting to ſee whether ſhe would be as communicative as formerly.

But Lady Bell ſeemed ſhy of ſpeaking of her own concerns, though ſhe ſhewed great curioſity to hear from Emma every particular of her's, as likewiſe thoſe of her own family.

She laughed at her ſiſter's intended huſband:—ſaid, nothing but a fit of deſpair could make her take him; for ſhe knew Sir Harry Paragon by report; expreſſed a hope that, after this marriage, her mother would no longer continue implacable: of her father ſhe ſpoke with as much aſperity, as ſhe did with affection of her brother; but of her huſband, ſhe did not ſpeak at all.

Emma knew her too well to be much ſurprized at this: ſhe had immediately, when they firſt met, enquired after Colonel Darnford, without obtaining any anſwer; and,

and, on her departure, ſhe ventured to mention him again.

"Oh! he is well enough," replied Lady Bell, careleſsly; "but I ſee little of him."

Without commenting on this ſpeech, Emma aſked where ſhe had been ſo long in the country?

"Going through a courſe of watering places; dragged from one to another; Darnford always finding cogent reaſons not to ſtay long any where; and we ſhould never have got to town, but for my brother's kindneſs, who has patched up Darnford's affairs; and now, I hope, I am fixed here for ſome months."

Emma rejoiced at this event, telling her how much intereſt Lord Miramont took in her happineſs, and how warmly he

he had pleaded with Lord Fontelieu in her behalf.

"He was always a charming creature!" cried Lady Bell; "and Fontelieu, too, is excellent: he has declared that he will never reſt till he has prevailed upon my mother to be reconciled to me; but," added ſhe, with a ſigh, "who will reconcile me with myſelf!"

Emma, tenderly embracing her, ſaid, that when ſhe was reſtored to Lady Wilmington's favour, ſupported by moſt of her own family, and happy, as ſhe truſted ſhe would be, at home, now that her huſband's affairs were arranged, ſhe hoped ſhe would have nothing to diſturb her.

"How all this may be, I know not," anſwered Lady Bell; "but I am very certain that no circumſtance can be more fortunate for me, than that my firſt, my only friend, ſhould have become one of my

my neareſt connections; and I give you my word, that I had no wiſh ſo much at heart, when I came to town, as to ſee you, my dear Emma."

Many other warm proteſtations of affection flowed from her lips, to which Emma made ſuitable acknowledgments. Her ingenuous mind ſeldom doubted of the ſincerity of others. Lady Bell, at this moment, appeared to her infinitely more amiable, than ever ſhe had done before; for ſhe obſerved, with pleaſure, that, inſtead of that pert vivacity, which uſed to characterize her countenance, ſhe now looked, as if reflection ſometimes came acroſs her mind.

After detaining her a conſiderable time, at length Lady Bell ſuffered her to depart, promiſing to dine with her the following day, and as often as ſhould be in her power, without ceremony.

"Do,

"Do, my dear Lady Bell," ſaid Emma: "you will make me very happy; and pray bring Colonel Darnford with you."

"As to that," replied ſhe, "my couſin Miramont muſt firſt call upon him, and aſk him; but whether he is, or is not of our party, is very indifferent to me."

Emma perceived the change, Lady Bell's ideas had undergone concerning this man; and ſecretly lamented, that he had not been indifferent to her, before ſhe was irrevocably united to him.

Lord Miramont expreſſed ſatisfaction at the idea of ſeeing his lively couſin; and, out of regard for her, called upon her huſband, who accompanied her the firſt time ſhe dined in Hill Street, where he was very civilly received by Lord and Lady Miramont: the latter, who was the

the moſt acquainted with him, obſerved that he retained his uſual ſour look; but his behaviour to Lady Bell was much the ſame as formerly, though her's towards him was ſtrangely altered.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

MRS. MOURTRAY would have been perfectly happy in town, but for ſome unpleaſant recollections: ſhe had, however, little room for theſe—her daughter's brilliant ſituation occupying almoſt all her thoughts.—Delighting in every ſort of buſtle, and to live in a crowd, ſhe never felt herſelf in a ſphere better ſuited to her taſte, than ſhe did at this period.

But as her health was ſo unpolite as not to keep pace with her inclinations, ſhe could not long ſupport that exceſs of diſſipation, into which Emma with reluctance was immerſed.

Some buſineſs ſhe had to tranſact with Chowles, carried her one day to his houſe: it was a fine morning, and ſhe walked thither.—In anſwer to her enquiry after

after him, the ſervant ſaid, he was at home, but engaged, he believed.

Mrs. Mourtray ſaying ſhe would wait, the ſervant deſired her to follow him up ſtairs; and the door of the room, where Chowles was ſitting, not being cloſed, ſhe heard him ſay, as ſhe paſſed it—"I tell you, and I've told you a hundred times, I won't forget you gone; begone this inſtant, I ſay!"

"Dear heart! I am very, very ſorry, Sir," ſaid a female voice, faintly, "very ſorry you are ſo angry; but what can I do; you would not, ſurely, Sir, have your own fleſh and blood ſtarve!"

"Out, out; here's ſomebody coming; d—n you, begone!"

The poor woman, terrified by his violence, bruſhed haſtily by Mrs. Mourtray, who had made a ſtop at the door, and ran weeping down the ſtairs.

"God

"God bleſs me! Mr. Chowles!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, as ſhe entered the drawing room, "why do you behave ſo harſhly to that poor woman?—Pray don't ſend her away, if ſhe has any buſineſs with you."

"No, no, ſhe has none at all; ſhe is whining about nothing," anſwered he, fretfully; "but I am very glad you are come, for you love fine things, ſo pray look at this jar; did you ever ſee one ſo large? Well, and how are you?—and the Marchioneſs, ha!—how is ſhe?"

"She is very well, and I am tolerably. —But that poor woman runs in my head; ſhe ſeemed quite in an agony."

"I got this jar dog cheap.—What do you think I gave for it?"

"I don't know, indeed; I never could afford to buy any thing ſo fine myſelf. —That

—That perſon came as a petitioner, I ſuppoſe; ſurely, Sir, you did not ſend her away without giving her ſomething?"

"Good God! ma'am, there would be no end of giving, if I was to give to all thoſe who peſter me! I want my money for other purpoſes, I aſſure you.—But pray what has procured me the favour of this viſit?"

"Buſineſs, Sir; which I'll tell you preſently.—What could the woman mean by the expreſſion of your own fleſh and blood?"

"She is mad, and don't know what ſhe ſays;" anſwered he, reddening.

"Well, I declare I did not think ſo;" ſaid Mrs. Mourtray, "ſhe only ſeemed in great trouble." And then, finding her curioſity, and perhaps a worthier ſenſation, muſt remain ungratified, ſhe opened her buſineſs, which was on money

matters; and this being ſoon adjuſted, ſhe departed.

She had gone but a very few yards from Chowles's door, when the very woman ſhe had found with him joined her; ſaying, "Ah! Madam, excuſe this freedom in a ſtranger; but want can't ſtand upon ceremony;—you may ſave my life, and that of my poor babes, if you will but ſay a good word for me to Mr. Chowles."

"I fear it would be of no uſe," ſaid Mrs. Mourtray; "he does not ſeem inclined to aſſiſt you. Have you any claim upon him?"

"Lord, Madam, why, I am his own niece,—his only ſiſter's child!"

"Is it poſſible!—whence comes it then, that he refuſes you relief?"

"I am

"I am ſure I can't tell, Madam; but I fear his heart is hardened by pride, and ſo I believe he is aſhamed of me, becauſe I am a plain body, and not grand, like our couſin, the honourable Mrs. Prouting."

"Did he never give you any thing?"

"Yes, Madam: after I had called upon him twenty times, he once gave me two guineas; that's all, I aſſure you!"

"Good Heaven! But did you never do any thing to offend him?—You talked of your children; perhaps you married contrary to his will."

"Oh, no, Madam, he never troubled himſelf about my marriage; and when that happened I wanted nothing: my father was then alive; my mother had been dead many years; but the former was a wholeſale woollen-draper in Fleet Street,

in a very thriving way; but, poor man! he broke, and died ſoon after, and thus I loſt the fortune he promiſed to give me: and my huſband, who was his clerk, and whom he intended taking into partnerſhip with him, was, as you may eaſily believe, Madam, much diſappointed; but, as he was a very induſtrious man, he made the beſt of matters, and got into buſineſs, working very hard to ſupport his family: however, nothing proſpered with us; we had loſſes upon loſſes; and at length, in a fit of deſpair, he gave up his ſhop, and inliſted as a ſoldier, which was very grievous to me; and the more ſo, as he was amongſt the number of the Guards ſent into Flanders."

"Well, and where is he now?"

"In Holland, Madam; but he has ſuffered many hardſhips—fell ill, and would have died, but for the humanity of a young gentleman, now ſerving as a volunteer,

volunteer, who formerly knew my husband, when he himself was in the Guards.'

"Do you know his name?"

"Why, Madam, that is a bit of a secret; my husband charged me not to mention it; but there can be no harm in telling you, that it is Mourtray; he who was once in the —— regiment of Guards."

"My God!—Mourtray!—are you sure you don't mistake?"

"No, no, Madam; I know his name well enough; my husband told me all about him; how he had sold his commission, and afterwards repented; and how he went first and served with the Austrians, and then came and joined our troops; and he has changed his name, that he may not be known."

While the woman was speaking, Mrs. Mourtray stood leaning against the iron

rails of the area: all her faculties ſeemed ſuſpended: a confuſed image of Henry, expoſed to every hardſhip, perhaps wounded, hovered before her eyes, and ſhe uttered a deep groan.

"Goodneſs, Madam!" exclaimed the woman:—"What ails you? You are as pale as death, and all in a tremble!"

Mrs. Mourtray now made an effort to ſpeak:—"Tell me," ſaid ſhe, "and tell me quickly, what name does the Volunteer go by? Where is he?—and when did you hear of him?"

"What!—do you know him, Madam?"

"Know him!" echoed Mrs. Mourtray, with a deep ſigh:—"yes, yes; I know him."

"Well; this is odd, indeed!—Who would have thought it?"

"Anſwer

"Anſwer my queſtions, for the love of God!" cried Mrs. Mourtray.

"Indeed, Madam, I have told you all I know; for, as almoſt all the troops are returned home, I can't think why my huſband and the Gentleman ſtay abroad. They have been together in ſeveral bloody battles; but I have not heard from my huſband theſe ſix weeks."

"My God!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, impatiently; "but where are they?"

"That I can't tell, Madam; for I never pretend to remember the names of outlandiſh places; and my little boy, who is full of miſchief, tore his father's laſt letter to pieces."

Mrs. Mourtray, finding ſhe could not learn the name her ſon had taken, or gain any further information from this woman, took her addreſs; and, giving her a

guinea, endeavoured to crawl home as ſhe could; for the flurry of her ſpirits had almoſt deprived her of the uſe of her limbs.

When ſhe reached the place of her abode, ſhe found Lord and Lady Miramont at breakfaſt. Both were ſtruck with her altered countenance, and eagerly enquired what was the matter; which, with many interruptions, ſhe, at length, told them; bitterly lamenting her dear Henry's fate one moment, and the next declaiming againſt him.

"Did any body ever hear the like?" cried ſhe:—"Henry certainly muſt be mad!—Firſt he parts with his commiſſion, and then wantonly goes, as a volunteer, abroad!—He could have no other view but to get killed!"

Lord Miramont, who ſaw no cauſe of alarm in this affair, but rather the contrary,

mary, endeavoured to repreſent to her, that, after being ſo long in the dark concerning her ſon, it was ſurely a comfort to hear that, a few weeks ſince, he was well, and had ſo honourably diſpoſed of himſelf; offering to go to the War Office, and gather further tidings, having now ſome clue; for, by enquiring after Roſſtorne (which was the name of Henry's friend, the ſoldier), he ſhould certainly learn where he was.

Emma, in the mean while, almoſt as much agitated as her mother, ſought, however, to ſooth her into compoſure; nor did ſhe forget to enquire, whether ſhe had done any thing to relieve the poor woman, from whom ſhe had, by ſo ſingular a chance, gained intelligence of Henry. Deſirous herſelf of doing ſomething for her, ſhould ſhe be found deſerving, ſhe ſent a ſervant privately into the neighbourhood where Mrs. Roſſtorne

lived, to learn every particular concerning her.

The ſervant, on his return, ſaid, that ſhe bore the character of being a very honeſt, induſtrious woman, who endeavoured to maintain herſelf, and three ſmall children, by taking in plain work; but that it was believed, ſhe had ſometimes found it a hard matter to keep herſelf from ſtarving; yet ſhe had rich relations, who could help her, if they would; but that they did nothing for her.

Satisfied with this account of Mrs. Roſſtorne's worth, Emma immediately ſent her ten guineas.

Lord Miramont now returned: he had found the name of Roſſtorne in the liſt of thoſe who had been wounded, and left at ——; but of the volunteer he learned nothing. This was a ſevere diſappointment to both Ladies. However, the Marquis

Marquis promiſed to write to ſome of the officers that yet remained on the Continent; adding, that there was little doubt, now, they ſhould ſhortly diſcover the real ſituation of a perſon ſo intereſting to them all.

After the flurry of the morning, Emma was little diſpoſed to go out; in the evening, as ſhe and her mother were drinking their tea, a ſervant entered, and ſaid Lord Clannarmon was below, and deſired to have the honour of a few minutes converſation with Mrs. Mourtray.

Both were much ſurprized, and the latter began conjecturing what he could have to communicate; almoſt doubting, in her preſent ſtate of mind, whether ſhe ſhould ſee him or not.

But Emma, who felt certain that ſomething extraordinary muſt have occaſioned

this unexpected viſit, conquered her mother's irreſolution; and, deſiring Lord Clannarmon might be ſhewn up ſtairs, ſhe, in the mean while, retired to the adjoining apartment, which was her dreſſing-room.

Whence, however, ſhe was preſently ſummoned by Mrs. Mourtray; who, burſting open the door, exclaimed, "Good God!—Emma, come hither directly!—Oh! come, and hear the news which Lord Clannarmon has brought us of Henry."

Emma, breathleſs with impatience, haſtened to him, deſiring immediately to hear all he knew.

"Oh! it is bad enough, God knows!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, not giving him time to anſwer:—"Poor dear fellow!—for aught I know, he may be dead by this time,

time, though Lord Clannarmon ſays the contrary."

"Indeed, Madam," ſaid he, "I told you the exact truth: my friend, Henry, who was wounded, has been in ſome danger; but he was in a very fair way of recovery when this letter was written."

"Mangled, maimed, and defaced, I dare ſay!" ſaid Mrs. Mourtray, ſobbing.

"Dear Madam!" cried Emma, "why will you thus torment yourſelf, when Lord Clannarmon aſſures us he is recovering?"

"Upon my word, Madam," ſaid he, "I have every reaſon to believe ſo; but, if your Ladyſhip will read this letter, you will ſee all I know of him."

Emma

Emma ran it over haſtily: it was (as he told her) from an Officer, lately in the army abroad, who had been commiſſioned by him to make enquiries relative to Henry, which he anſwered as follows:

" IN compliance with your Lordſhip's requeſt, I have neglected no opportunities, ſince I came hither, of doing every thing poſſible to learn, whether ſuch a young man as you deſcribed, could be diſcovered amongſt our troops, and all my reſearches were fruitleſs, till yeſterday; when a brother Officer accidentally mentioned a young volunteer, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſome uncommon acts of gallantry, during this campaign; and, who, being wounded in the fatal affair at ———, and too ill to be removed,

moved, remained under the Surgeon's care.

" This account excited my curioſity, and I enquired further concerning the volunteer. My friend told me he was a very ſingular character. The Surgeon firſt diſcovered, by his manners, that he was of a claſs ſuperior to that of his fellow ſoldiers: had hinted this to him, which he had neither affirmed, nor denied; but that another ſoldier, who attended him conſtantly, with the greateſt care, thinking he was in danger, owned that he was a Gentleman, and that his name was Mourtray.

" Had it been poſſible for me to quit my poſt, I would have gone to him directly: all I can do is to give you this information; and I have the pleaſure of adding, that I underſtand Mr. Mourtray is in a fair way of recovery; therefore, I hope,

I hope, he will yet be able to embark with our troops.

" I have the honour to be,

" My dear Lord,

" Your Lordſhip's

" Very faithful and obedient ſervant,

" J. WILMOT."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

EMMA, who, by her mother's deſire, had read this letter aloud, returned it to Lord Clannarmon, with thanks; nor did ſhe find in it any ſerious cauſe of alarm.

But Mrs. Mourtray wept bitterly, exclaiming at her ſon's cruelty, who had ſuffered her to fret herſelf almoſt to death about him, all the while never thinking of her, but, Quixote-like, going to fight when he had no occaſion.

"I believe his delicate notions of honour," ſaid Lord Clannarmon, "made him think it incumbent on him; for, I know, he bitterly lamented what he had done concerning his commiſſion; and, being diſappointed in the affair of Miſs Silbourne, in a fit of deſpair he took this ſtep;—which, however eccentric it may be

be deemed by many, appears to me, I own, as the effort of a gallant ſpirit, impatient to ſignalize itſelf, that it may be cleared even from the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of being deficient in a quality, which it is conſcious it poſſeſſes."

"I ſee nothing at all of this," cried Mrs. Mourtray; "and pray, my Lord, what is to be done now; how am I to get him back?"

"I hope he will be well enough to return with the remainder of the troops."

"So far from even thinking of this," cried Mrs. Mourtray, "the moment he is recovered, I dare ſay he will go into ſome foreign ſervice.—Once, already, he has been fighting with the Auſtrians."

And then ſhe related all ſhe had heard from Mrs. Roſſtorne; adding, that, if ſhe were a man, ſhe would fly to him that moment.

"Alas!

"Alas! I ſhould be equally happy to ſee him;" ſaid Emma, ſighing.

Lord Clanmarmon's countenance, which at firſt appeared wan and dejected, was ſuddenly animated by a ray of cheerfulneſs: whilſt addreſſing Mrs. Mourtray, he ſaid, "Baniſh your apprehenſions, my dear Madam, and ſuffer me to be your ſubſtitute: I will have the pleaſure of bringing Henry ſafe home, to rejoice the hearts of his mother and ſiſter."

"Surely you are not ſerious!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, in amazement.

"Is it poſſible you ſhould have ſo kind a thought!" ſaid Emma, in the ſame inſtant.

"My reſolution is taken, Ladies," anſwered he: to-morrow morning I ſhall ſet out, that not a moment may be loſt."

"How

"How truly friendly!" exclaimed Emma; "but I doubt whether we ought to ſuffer your Lordſhip to go on this expedition; for, without being able to aſſiſt my brother, you may incur danger yourſelf."

"I ſhall not apprehend any, Madam: indeed, it is very poſſible that Henry may already be on his way home; for it is not probable that, being ſcarcely recovered from his wounds, he ſhould form any military projects; and, ſhould I be right in this ſuppoſition, then I ſhall only have made a pleaſant little trip, which will be of ſervice to my health."

"Certainly, my Lord," ſaid Mrs. Mourtray, "it will do you good, and us eſſential ſervice; and I wonder, Lady Miramont, ſince Lord Clanmarmon thinks nothing of his trouble, that you ſhould endeavour to diſguſt him with his intended expedition!"

"My

"My dear mother," anſwered ſhe, you muſt excuſe my obſerving, that r ſolicitude for Henry ſhould not make s regardleſs of our friend; who, unnubtedly, to quiet our apprehenſions, uns no ſmall riſk of falling into the ands of the French."

"I ſhould be ſorry for that," ſaid Mrs. Mountray, coolly; "but, for God's ſake, o not conjure up imaginary dangers: ther let us think of ſaving your brother om real ones!"

Lord Clannarmon ſmiled; and, after queſting they would ſend to his houſe, n Burlington Street, any letters they ight wiſh to write to Henry, he took leave; again aſſuring them, that he s ſanguine in his hopes of ſoon return- with his friend.

"What a heart has that young man!" claimed Emma, as ſhe returned from the

the door, whither she had followed him, with many grateful expressions and good wishes for his safety.

"He is, indeed, an excellent creature," said Mrs. Mourtray.

"He really seems to live for no other purpose than to do good," observed Emma; "and himself is the only object that he neglects!"

"Why, to be sure, he does not much attend to his appearance."

"Appearance!" repeated Emma:—"I did not think of *that*."

Her meaning, however, she did not explain, where it was likely to be so little understood. Pity for his unfortunate passion, and admiration for Lord Clanmon's character, occupied her thoughts till she recollected that she had to write

to her brother, for whoſe ſituation ſhe felt much concern and uneaſineſs.

Lord Miramont, on his return home, heard, with ſurprize, the events of the evening: he laughed at Lord Clannarmon's intended expedition, calling it the idle project of a romantic brain.

Mrs. Mourtray was not very well pleaſed with this ſpeech; but ſhe never attempted to controvert his notions; and Emma kept her thoughts to herſelf: a half-ſtifled ſigh, however, eſcaped her, occaſioned by the parallel, ſhe almoſt involuntarily drew, between the ſentiments of theſe two Noblemen.

The Ladies letters were ſent to Lord Clannarmon, and very early the following morning he left town.

That amiable man, after his unlucky meeting with Emma, on the day of her nuptials,

nuptials, remained for ſome weeks, notwithſtanding the kind attentions of his brother, to ſooth and tranquillize his mind, in a ſtate of the deepeſt dejection. But, ſenſible that his misfortune was remedileſs;—that, from the firſt of his acquaintance with her, ſhe had never given him the ſmalleſt hope of ſucceſs;—and that he could no longer indulge his fatal paſſion without a crime, he reſolved to conquer it; yet, though he had ſufficient fortitude to avoid mentioning Emma, and, as much as poſſible, thinking of her, ſtill a fixed melancholy hung upon his ſpirits, which made him quite regardleſs of all that paſſed around him, and indifferent to every thing in the world.

His health muſt, in the end, have been deſtroyed by his ſilent ſufferings, when, ſuddenly, he became better reconciled with his exiſtence. The thoughts of performing a ſervice acceptable to Emma, which Virtue itſelf could not diſapprove, revived

revived his ſpirits, and accelerated the tardy circulation of his blood. He could not, indeed, ſee her without emotion; and the kind ſolicitude ſhe expreſſed for his ſafety, made his heart thrill with delight: he would, at that inſtant, have met death with pleaſure, certain that he ſhould not have died wholly unregretted.

Upon the whole, therefore, when he left her, he was far leſs miſerable than before; as there was every reaſon to believe ſhe was perfectly happy, and could never have been ſo (in her opinion) with any other man than Lord Miramont: he acknowledged, that he ought not to repine at his own wayward fate.

Emma, whoſe active benevolence could never reſt till ſhe had done all the good in her power, now ſent to Mrs. Roſſtorne, to give her all the information ſhe had gained from Lord Clannarmon, relative

to her huſband; for ſhe had no doubt he was the perſon alluded to, in the Officer's letter, as the kind attendant on her brother; and, anxious to ſecure her ſome permanent ſupport, ſhe told her Lord that ſhe ſhould apply to Chowles in behalf of his niece:—"And if you would ſee him," ſaid ſhe, "and join in my requeſt, I know half a word from you, would have great weight with him."

"And ſo it ſhall when he hears it," anſwered he, laughing; "for, indeed, you muſt excuſe me, from having any thing to ſay to ſo vulgar an animal."

"But I can't go to him," returned ſhe; "and writing will not do half as well."

"Let Mrs. Mourtray aſk him to dine with you both, and I will take care to be engaged the day he comes: when undiſturbed

diſturbed, you may try the force of your eloquence upon him."

Emma aſſented to this; and Chowles, with mingled pride and aſtoniſhment, received the invitation. She was alone when he came, and her reception was ſuch as to delight him: after ſome deſultory converſation, ſhe turned it upon Mrs. Prouting, aſking whether ſhe would come to town this year.

He anſwered, coldly, that ſhe was gone to reſide entirely at Bath; "And, to tell you the truth, my Lady, I am not ſorry for it," continued he; "for I began to get heartily ſick of that couſin of mine, and her ſilly huſband."

"You have, however," ſaid Emma, "other relations, many degrees nearer to you."

"What relations, my Lady?"

"Why, have you not a niece?"

"A niece!" repeated he, ſhrugging his ſhoulders.

"Yes, poor Mrs. Roſſtorne, a very worthy woman, who is in moſt wretched circumſtances; which, I preſume, you have never been thoroughly informed of, otherwiſe it is impoſſible that you could fail of relieving her."

While ſhe ſpoke, Chowles kept twirling the ſtring of his cane round his fingers, uncertain whether, by a round lie, he ſhould at once boldly deny the exiſtence of a niece, or acknowledge it; and then load her with ſome imaginary imputation, to exculpate himſelf for deſerting her.

But, as Lady Miramont ſeemed ſo well informed concerning Mrs. Roſſtorne, he durſt not venture on the former expedient;

dient; and it appeared to him, that to plead ignorance would be the ſafeſt.

"The perſon your Ladyſhip means," ſaid he, affecting a careleſs air, "I really know little, or ſcarcely at all. The fact is, I had a ſiſter, who might have married well; but ſhe flung herſelf away upon an obſcure tradeſman in the city: after which I avoided any connexion with her, and, ever ſince, with any of the tribe ſhe left behind when ſhe died."

"Mrs. Roſſtorne, however, Sir, has applied to you frequently."

"Poſſibly:—who does not apply?—People think I am made up of money; as if I had nothing to do but to diſtribute it amongſt them indiſcriminately."

"But, ſurely, Mr. Chowles, you might diſcriminate in regard to your own niece? Conſider, too, how it ſounds,

that the niece of Mr. Chowles ſhould be ſtarving!"

"Who told you, my Lady, any thing about this woman?"

"My mother, Sir, who ſaw her at your houſe, and afterwards had ſome converſation with her."

"Mighty pretty!—ſo then ſhe has been complaining of me to Mrs. Mourtray!"

"I know not, Sir, that ſhe complained; but ſhe could not conceal her wretchedneſs from my mother."

"Oh! I dare ſay ſhe made up a terrible piteous tale; but I'll fit her for it; for now I'll not give her a farthing."

"For your own ſake, Mr. Chowles, do not make ſo cruel a reſolution: believe

ve me, the conſciouſneſs of one good ction will give you unſpeakable comfort ow and hereafter."

"No, no; ſhe goes about abuſing me: I'll have nothing to ſay to her."

"But think of her helpleſs children!"

"What buſineſs have beggars to marry, and have children?"

Emma then reminded him, that when his niece married, ſhe had no reaſon, from the flouriſhing circumſtances of her family, to foreſee her preſent misfortunes, which did not appear to have originated in her's or her huſband's miſconduct: he might, therefore, without any diſparagement of his prudence, indulge himſelf in the luxury of relieving them.

" Faith! I ſee no luxury at all in this," cried he.

" Try it once, Sir. Remember, Mr. Roſſtorne is now fighting in defence of his King, and of this country, in which you have ſo large a ſtake. Do ſomething for his family, Mr. Chowles, and I ſhall really think the better of you for it."

" Will you, my Lady? But, hang it, you are married, which quite alters the caſe: ſuch a word from you, formerly, would have made me do any thing.—Yet you have ſtill ſuch a bewitching look and manner, that, the deuce take me if I can reſiſt you any longer; ſo I'll give her this ten pound note, to oblige your Ladyſhip; mark *that*."

" I inſiſt upon it, Sir, that you are ſerving yourſelf principally; and, being once convinced of this, I hope you will be

be encouraged to repeat the experiment. Perhaps you will give her the like ſum every quarter."

"Hey-day!—not ſo faſt, if you pleaſe, my Lady: I ſhall make no ſuch promiſe, I aſſure you."

"Well, promiſe nothing, Mr. Chowles; but do it without."

The entrance of Mrs. Mourtray now put an end to this converſation: the Marquis did not appear, and ſoon after dinner was announced.

Emma and her mother, by their attentions, tried to put Chowles in good humour, in which they ſucceeded, perhaps, the more eaſily, as he was highly delighted with the talents of Lord Miramont's cook;—with the genius of his confectioner;—as, likewiſe, with the ex-

cellence of the wines, of which he drank very freely.

Emma now ventured to hint, that ſuch a trifle as eighty pounds, annually, would not be miſſed out of his purſe, and would ſecure him the prayers and bleſſings of a whole family.

He ſtarted at firſt; but ſaid, with the gallantry infuſed by wine—"Would this ſecure me a ſmile from your Ladyſhip, at leaſt once every quarter?"

"Oh! certainly; and I ſhall ſee you with more ſatisfaction than ever I have done yet."

"Well then, I conſent; but, pray, aſk for nothing elſe; for, in the humour I am in, I believe you might ſtrip me of every thing I have in the world."

Soon

Soon after he departed, leaving Emma erably ſatisfied with her negociation, ıo ſent directly to Mrs. Roſſtorne the ł quarter of her allowance, Chowles ving paid the whole.

CHAP. IV.

WHILE Mrs. Mourtray and Emma remained in their preſent ſtate of anxiety, Lord Miramont, after making ſome efforts to draw the latter into public, aſſuring her that nothing would be of ſo much ſervice to her ſpirits, as a little diſſipation, left her to do as ſhe choſe; and her choice was to live chiefly at home, where ſhe devoted great part of her time to her mother.

Lady Bell Darnford, now, was a frequent gueſt in Hill Street: ſhe amuſed Lord Miramont, who, therefore, promoted this intimacy, which Emma could not decline, eſpecially as nothing very exceptionable appeared in her conduct.

Yet, her propenſity to ſatire, her innumerable caprices, and, occaſionally, a certain

certain levity in her manner, often pained Emma: ſome of her faults, however, ſhe charitably attributed to bad habits long indulged. Thus, when ſhe turned people into ridicule, ſhe believed ſhe was not prompted by ill-nature, but, inconſidely, ſought to excite a laugh;—if her behaviour was ſometimes rather unguarded, Emma did not perceive that it was particularly ſo, with one perſon more than another;—and her caprices were confined to objects too frivolous to merit attention.

That Lady Bell was no longer attached to her huſband was very obvious, but that ſhe ſhould ever have been ſo, was a juſter cauſe of aſtoniſhment.—Whenever Emma ſaw them together (which was not often), they obſerved appearances ſufficiently to make her conclude, that if their union was not happy, it was not, at leaſt, wretched.

Lady Bell, as may naturally be ſuppoſed, was extremely happy to profit by Emma's kindneſs, and to become her frequent companion: ſhe found it very convenient to have her carriage, her ſervants, and her opera box, at her command; nor did ſhe diſlike to conſider her houſe, in which every luxury abounded, more as her home than her own.

Emma, too, whoſe generoſity was remarkable, frequently contrived, under different pretexts, to make her preſents; indulging the belief, that every attention paid to his relation, was grateful to her Lord.

Sir Harry Paragon's marriage, with Lady Elizabeth Fontelieu now took place; and Lady Wilmington, wearied into compliance by her ſon's repeated entreaties, conſented to meet Lady Bell, privately, at Lord Miramont's houſe; for ſhe dared not viſit her at her own, or receive

ceive her in defiance of her Lord, who ſwore, that, if ſhe came within his doors, he would turn his wife out of them;—and ſuch a diſmiſſion would not have ſuited her convenience, much as ſhe diſliked him.

The meeting betwixt the mother and daughter went off very well; the latter looked and ſaid, every thing proper for the occaſion; and the former felt, that, however a parent may be diſpleaſed with a child, the leaſt token of penitence, ſuffices to recall maternal tenderneſs.

Lady Elizabeth Paragon, too, ſaw her ſiſter, not from any motive of affection; but, impelled by the vanity of a narrow mind, ſhe ſecretly longed to enjoy the triumph, of diſplaying her newly-acquired opulence, expecting to ſee Lady Bell in a ſtate of humiliation.

How,

How, then, was ſhe ſurpriſed at the uncommon elegance of her appearance! —She meaſured her from head to foot with envy; and, after a few cold expreſſions, of being glad to ſee her again, &c. ſhe added—"Really, Bell, I am quite amazed that you look ſo well, and that you can afford to appear in ſuch a ſtyle! I underſtood, Colonel Darnford, who had never much before he married, had ſince been entirely ruined; and my heart ached for you, I aſſure you. But, certainly, I muſt have been miſinformed, or, otherwiſe, you could not thus ſtudy your dreſs."

Her ſiſter, extremely piqued and diſguſted, anſwered, coolly—"I have often heard, that, to ſome people, dreſs makes no difference, becauſe they have the art of making every thing become them; perhaps this, in ſome degree, may be my caſe:—others, and you may be amongſt this number, are, indeed, under the neceſſity of ſtudying their dreſs, to appear

to

to advantage, and, even then, do not always ſucceed.—As to my income, I have very good friends, who prevent my feeling how ſlender it is; and you need have no uneaſineſs concerning me, for we are not yet *quite* ruined, Elizabeth!"

"I am mighty glad to hear it, and that you have ſuch very good friends, as your huſband's pay would be very inadequate to your expenſes.—For my part, I care little about trifles; ſo I leave it to my women to dreſs me juſt as they pleaſe. Sir Harry's immenſe fortune, however, renders it incumbent on me to make a certain figure in the world—ſuch as is proper for *his* wife, and Lord Wilmington's daughter."

"Oh!—no doubt; and you are quite in the right, to be leſs ſolicitous about thoſe *trifles* now than you were formerly, when you had an important object to gain;

gain; and I heartily congratulate you, that, *at laſt*, you ſucceeded in it."

Lady Elizabeth was ſo provoked by this ſpeech, that ſhe reſolved, in her own mind, to ſee as little as poſſible of her ſiſter; and, courteſying formally, ſhe abruptly left her.

Lady Bell remained equally diſſatisfied with Lady Elizabeth.—Chagrined by the mortifying compariſon ſhe could not fail of making betwixt their reſpective lots, ſhe had no other conſolation than what ſhe derived from vanity: this whiſpered her, that her ſiſter, with all her pretenſions to beauty, and with all the trappings of wealth, wanted that charm to engage admiration, which ſhe believed ſhe poſſeſſed.

The effect of this charm, which Lady Bell arrogated to herſelf, had, not, however, made a very durable impreſſion on the

the heart of her huſband; nor had it ever made half ſo much, as the proſpect of twenty thouſand pounds, which he had hoped to touch immediately after his marriage.

When he found himſelf diſappointed in this reſpect, and that he muſt wait till ſhe became of age, he could not diſſemble ſo well, as entirely to conceal his mortification from his wife.—Highly offended by this diſcovery of the motives, that induced him to run away with her, ſhe reſented, and never forgave them.

Mercenary, ſelf-willed, and violent in his diſpoſition, he was only reſtrained from uſing her ill, by his dread of diſobliging her connexions. Her brother, mother, and Lord Miramont, might be of great uſe to him; the former had already been ſo; for, beſides pecuniary aſſiſtance, his intereſt had obtained him promotion in the army.

In his behaviour, therefore, to Lady Bell, he was civil and circumſpect; troubling himſelf little concerning her, and annoying her ſeldom with his company: but his rage for play not being in the leaſt abated, he indulged himſelf in it whenever he had the means; which, ſo long as it occaſioned her no inconvenience, was a matter of indifference to her.

Since his arrival in town he had a run of luck: in conſequence of this, his domeſtic eſtabliſhment, at preſent, exhibited no marks of penury; and Lady Bell was ſuffered, to ſpend her brother's allowance ſolely upon herſelf.

Lord Clannarmon had now been gone a month: a few lines had been received from him, written juſt after he landed in Holland, but none ſince.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mourtray's impatience to hear of her ſon increaſed hourly; and ſhe flattered herſelf, that as no intelligence came either from Lord Clannarmon, or from Roſſtorne, that the arrival of all three in England might be expected daily.

One morning, while Emma was gone to ſee her friend *Sidonie*, Mrs. Mourtray being alone, Captain Fitzaubert was announced: ſhe had never ſeen him, and was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at this viſit from a ſtranger; but concluded he had brought her a letter from his brother.—Prepoſſeſſed with this idea, and that ſhe ſhould hear very agreeable tidings, ſhe advanced haſtily towards him; and, without giving him time to ſay a word by way of introduction to himſelf, or to the ſubject of his viſit, ſhe ſaid, eagerly—"Well, Sir, I am all impatience; though I had rather have ſeen his Lordſhip himſelf, than his hand writing."

Fitzaubert

Fitzaubert replied, gravely,—"I am very ſorry to ſay, Madam, that you muſt be content with ſeeing the latter; for God, alone, knows when we ſhall ſee Lord Clannarmon again!"

"But, my ſon—my ſon, Sir—ſurely I ſhall ſee him ſoon!"

"*Your* ſon, Madam, is not in a worſe ſituation than *my* brother, who would now be ſafe in his own country, had he been leſs ſolicitous concerning Mr. Henry Mourtray."

"Good God, Sir!—how you terrify me!—What has happened?"

"A moſt unfortunate circumſtance:—Lord Clannarmon and your ſon are in the hands of the French!"

Mrs. Mourtray gave a loud ſcream, and nearly fainted with terror; but Fitz-

aubert

aubert preſerved his *ſang froid.*—The total indifference ſhe had ſhewn concerning his brother, who had acted ſo friendly a part by her, provoked him; and, being naturally rough and blunt in his manners, he took no pains to ſoften the ſtroke ſhe was to receive.

Lord Clannarmon had, by kindneſs and generoſity, forced his way into a heart, which prejudice, and, perhaps, envy, had originally ſhut againſt him; but, now, ſo ſtrong was his hold there, that Fitzaubert would almoſt have ſacrificed his life to ſerve him.

Such being his enthuſiaſtic love to his brother, he could not fail of being extremely affected, when he learned the misfortune that had befallen him, communicated to him by a letter, of which he brought Mrs. Mourtray an extract, by Lord Clannarmon's deſire.

"HAVING

"HAVING now given you an account of my voyage and journey, I ſhall, without dwelling on minute circumſtances, only add, that, after ſome difficulties, I at length diſcovered the place of Henry's concealment.—It is impoſſible to deſcribe the joy and ſurprize he manifeſted when he ſaw me; but I was grieved to find, that he was ſtill diſabled from moving, in conſequence of his wound; for, though the Surgeon aſſured me he was in a fair way of recovery, it was impoſſible he could walk; and neither horſes, nor carriages of any ſort, could be procured.

"Moſt of the inhabitants were already fled, dreading the arrival of the French, though they called themſelves their friends: none remained for ſome miles around our wretched habitation, excepting a few very old people and children. —We were miſerably provided both with food and fuel; yet for every article we paid

paid an enormous price.—Poor Henry was not likely to recruit his ſtrength in this deplorable ſituation; but how to relieve or remove him I knew not.

"In the mean while, foraging parties of the enemy ſcoured the country, and we hourly expected a viſit from theſe: nor were we miſtaken; for, the fourth day after my arrival, as I was ſitting one morning by Henry's bed ſide, Roſſtorne, appearing at the door, beckoned to me, and I followed him out.—'All's loſt, Sir!' ſaid he: 'the French have juſt burned ſeveral houſes, not two miles from this place; and they will be here directly.—The two poor women who have been ſo hoſpitable to us are run away, crying as if their hearts would break!—What ſhall we do with his Honour?'

"There could be nothing done, but for us all to prepare with firmneſs to encounter this misfortune; and I was well

aware that Henry would not ſhrink from it. We agreed it was beſt he ſhould riſe immediately; ſo we dreſſed, and wrapped him up as warmly as we could; and we had ſcarcely finiſhed this buſineſs, when ten of the *ſans-culottes*, headed by an officer, appeared.

" We were not in a ſtate to think of reſiſtance; but I made an effort to diſſuade them from burning the cottage, where Henry had found an aſylum; and, likewiſe, to prevail upon them, in conſideration of his infirm health, not to ſtrip him of great part of his clothes, which they ſeemed to meditate, having already lightened us of our great coats, and ſeized upon all our little property.

" With ſome difficulty I ſucceeded in both theſe objects of my ſolicitude, and now we were commanded to follow them; but, as Henry could not walk, we contrived to carry him in a chair faſtened to poles.

poles. The Surgeon, Roſſtorne, and myſelf, did all in our power to make his journey as eaſy as poſſible to him; but, nevertheleſs, I fear he ſuffered a great deal, though, I hope, leſs than we did.

" I ſhall paſs over the various diſaſters which befel us on our route; partly owing to the inclemency of the weather, and to want of food; and partly to the brutality of our leaders.

" Our ſituation now (bad as it is), certainly, is rather mended. We are in priſon at ———, where we have, at leaſt, ſomething to eat; a roof over our heads; and, inſtead of the ſavage officer and his ſoldiers, we have a gaoler, who, fortunately for us, poſſeſſes more humanity than is common with that claſs of people.

" Henry is ſurpriſingly better than might be expected, conſidering all he has gone through; and his friend, the

Surgeon, has no doubt of his ſpeedy recovery:—his wound is in his neck and ſhoulder.—I paſs for his brother, carefully concealing that I am an *Ariſtocrate*, as the knowledge of this would only aggravate our misfortunes.—At preſent, I ſee no hopes of our being exchanged ſoon; but I do not deſpond; and Henry ſeems to derive ſuch comfort from my ſociety, that I do not repine at ſharing his confinement: and the Surgeon, and Roſſtorne, are alſo ſincerely attached to him.

"I beg you will, immediately after this reaches you, go to Mrs. Mourtray, and break to her, and Lady Miramont, as gently as poſſible, theſe untoward circumſtances; tell them I yet hope to keep my word, and ſafely reſtore Henry to them.—He has given me a promiſe, that he never will again undertake any military expedition out of England, but content himſelf with a commiſſion in the ——ſhire

——ſhire Militia. Conſcious that, under the name of Thompſon, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much as to obtain the marked approbation of his officers, and, indiſputably, to prove his courage and intrepidity, his mind is relieved from that corroding chagrin which embittered his life; nor is he diſpleaſed, now, that honeſt Roſſtorne betrayed his ſecret, having no longer any motive to wiſh for concealment.

" It muſt be owned that Henry has been lucky, in ſome inſtances; for the horrors of his ſituation, have been much alleviated by the attentions of Roſſtorne and the Surgeon: the former no ſooner recognized, under his diſguiſe, the young Enſign, whom he had been accuſtomed to obey in England, than he faithfully attached himſelf to him, and, certainly, ſaved his life; for, when he found that Henry could not be moved with the other wounded ſoldiers, without the great-

eſt danger, he procured him a retreat in a Dutch cottage, whither he carried him, with the aſſiſtance of the Surgeon; and ever ſince he has nurſed and attended him with the greateſt care, regardleſs of a painful wound which he himſelf had received;—this, I am glad to ſay, is now healed.

" The Surgeon, too, might have eſcaped, and embarked with the reſt of the troops; but he generouſly refuſed to quit his patient, and, to his ſkill Henry owes his recovering the uſe of his arm.

" The gaoler has promiſed, to forward this letter to Hamburgh the firſt opportunity; thence it will eaſily reach you.—Fortunately, I had concealed ſome money about my perſon, before I became a priſoner: this, ſparingly managed, procures us a few indulgencies, and enables me to make a friend of our keeper.

" Henry

Henry would have written to his ıer, but he is not yet able to hold :n: he charges me to ſay, in his e, a thouſand kind and dutiful things :r, and all that is moſt affectionate to ſter."

CHAP. V.

MRS. MOURTRAY could not read this detail of her ſon's ſufferings, without being frequently interrupted by her tears and groans: theſe ſoftened Fitzaubert, and he was attempting to ſay ſomething conſolatory, when Lady Miramont, followed by her Lord, entered the room.

The former, grieved as ſhe was for her brother, felt infinite concern alſo for his companions, eſpecially for Lord Clannarmon, whoſe friendſhip had coſt him ſo dear; and, although Lord Miramont thought that generous man had got himſelf into this ſcrape very unneceſſarily, he was too good-natured not to be ſorry for him; and, for Emma's ſake, he lamented Henry's ſituation.

He

He ſought to conſole all the afflicted party, by aſſuring them, that he would deſire one of his friends to uſe his intereſt (having none himſelf) with Miniſters, to get Henry and his companions, included in the firſt exchange of priſoners.

Fitzaubert now took his leave, though the Marquis preſſed him much to ſtay dinner; but the former had no acquaintance with any of the party, and being out of ſpirits, was not diſpoſed to like the company of ſtrangers.

Emma could not help remarking, as ſhe and Lord Miramont were reading, together, the extract from Lord Clannarmon's letter, that he had forborne, when he enumerated ſome inſtances of good fortune that had befallen her brother, mentioning one of the greateſt; which was, having ſuch a friend as himſelf; who, doubtleſs, had added pecuniary obligations to the many others Henry be-

fore owed him; otherwiſe, in a ſtrange country, without any reſources, and with companions whoſe circumſtances could not be very flouriſhing, he muſt have been reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs.

Lord Miramont agreed with her in this opinion, as, likewiſe, in commending the behaviour of the ſurgeon and ſoldier:— "I think," ſaid he, "ſomething ought to be done by us for that honeſt fellow's wife: ſend her this;" and he gave Emma a twenty pound note, to which ſhe privately added one of thirty, and ſent both to Mrs. Roſſtorne; but as ſhe ſaw no uſe in vexing the poor woman, with the unpleaſant detail of her huſband's impriſonment, ſhe concealed it from her.

All Emma's ſolicitude, now, was to conſole and ſupport her mother under this new trial; who, as uſual with her, was immoderately afflicted at firſt; but, in a ſhort time, regained her ſpirits, and only

only occaſionally renewed her lamentations at her dear Henry's hard fate.

Week after week, however, paſſed, without any further intelligence of the priſoners.

Lady Bingfield, who had remained late in the country, often called upon Emma, after her arrival in town: her brother had reſolved not to leave Yorkſhire, but ſome buſineſs brought him to London; and, almoſt as ſoon as he was ſettled there, he ſent his daughter, with Lady Bingfield, to wait upon Lady Miramont.

This meeting gave pleaſure to all parties; but Emma was concerned to obſerve how much Selina was altered: ſhe was grown thin and pale, and a deep melancholy was imprinted on her countenance.

Lady Bingfield, who ſaw this with alarm, ſeemed to think of nothing but how to amuſe her; and her whole converſation turned on plans for this purpoſe, which it is doubtful whether her niece heard; for ſhe ſat ſilent, fixing her eyes mournfully (when ſhe could do this without ill-breeding) on Emma's face; which, from its reſemblance to Henry's, recalled a thouſand tender and painful remembrances.

On the departure of theſe Ladies, as Emma conducted them to the door, ſhe obſerved that Selina purpoſely lingered behind her aunt, as if ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak with her, unheard by the other; and her lips moved, but ſhe ſeemed not to have the courage to bring forth a word.

Emma taking her hand, and preſſing it tenderly, ſhe ventured to ſay, in a low voice, "Will your Ladyſhip give me an

an opportunity of ſeeing you alone to-morrow?"

"Undoubtedly," returned ſhe: "I will call upon you, my dear Miſs Silbourne, at noon."

Emma was punctual to her appointment; and Selina, no longer reſtrained by her aunt's preſence, flung herſelf into her arms, giving a free courſe to her tears.

Emma kindly ſoothed her; and, when ſhe ſaw her more compoſed, ſhe entreated her to conſider her as a friend, moſt warmly attached to her, in whom ſhe might ſafely repoſe unlimited confidence.

"Ah! I have no doubt of this," ſaid Selina: "if I can now enjoy any degree of comfort, it muſt be derived from your friendſhip, Madam. I know not how to

to aſk..... I ought not..... and yet....."

"I underſtand you," interrupted Emma: "you have not forgotten my poor brother."

"Forgotten him!" cried ſhe, claſping her hands:—"Oh! never, never ſhall I forget him!—a report has lately reached my ears, which almoſt diſtracts me.—Heaven grant you may be able to contradict it!—But tell me the truth, I conjure you—is your brother, Lady Miramont, a priſoner?"

Emma could not tell a falſehood; therefore, ſoftening her recital as much as ſhe could, ſhe gave her a ſuccinct one, of all that happened to Henry, from the time he commenced volunteer, in the Engliſh ſervice, till his impriſonment.

Selina

Selina wept abundantly; but her grief found ſome degree of alleviation in hearing he had ſuch excellent friends with him, whoſe ſociety muſt render his confinement leſs irkſome; and ſhe hoped the Surgeon, who had attended him with ſuch ſkill and humanity, would perfect his cure. She ſpoke of Lord Clannarmon's conduct with the greateſt admiration, and declared that ſhe was almoſt as anxious for his ſafe return to England, as for that of Henry.

Emma was much pleaſed with her ſentiments on this, as on many other ſubjects; and Selina now, having entirely laid aſide all reſerve, offered to communicate to her, certain circumſtances relative to her brother, which, perhaps, ſhe had never heard.

"You will greatly oblige me," anſwered Emma; "for I have ever wiſhed to know, how Mr. Silbourne became acquainted

quainted with Henry's fatal gaming adventure, as well as ſeveral other things which have happened ſince."

"You know," ſaid Selina, "the terms which Henry and I were upon; and I ſcarcely need tell you, that I had ſuch implicit faith and confidence in his word, that I believed it impoſſible any thing could prevent our union, after my father had preſcribed, on what conditions it ſhould take place.

"But how cruelly was I diſappointed in this reliance on his promiſe!—One morning my father and I went, as was our cuſtom, to walk in Kenſington Gardens: Henry, who called upon us before we ſet out, complained of the head-ache, and did not accompany us. I cannot account for it, but I felt an unuſual depreſſion of ſpirits, and ſo faint and languid, that I had ſcarcely reached the end of the long graſs walk, when I was forced

forced to aſk my father to let me reſt. He willingly conſented; and, turning into the gravel walk, we took our ſeats on one of the covered benches, near the wall: here we ſat ſome time, each buſied with our own thoughts; and as it was neither a faſhionable day, nor hour, for the Gardens, there was nobody there to interrupt them. At length we ſaw two Gentlemen advancing, deeply engaged in converſation: they did not ſeem to notice us; but I was much ſtartled by hearing a name repeated—a name that I never could hear without emotion.

"My father, whoſe ears were as quick as mine, nodded to me, ſmiling, but neither of us ſpoke.

"Oh! there's no fear of that," ſaid one of theſe perſons:—"I'll anſwer for Henry Mourtray's punctuality."

"How

"How can you tell that the marriage will take place?" aſked the other.

"What the devil ſhould prevent it?"

"A thouſand things," anſwered the other: "the ſame imprudence that made him loſe four thouſand pounds to you laſt night, may urge him to play again; and....."

"We could not hear any more, for the ſpeakers were gone too far; but, alas! we had already heard too much!—My father looked aghaſt, and I was ready to faint: ſuddenly he ſtarted up, and hurried along the walk, with the hope of overtaking the perſons who had juſt held this extraordinary dialogue; but they were young men, and my father not being very alert, he ſaw them go out at the gate, before he could get near them.

"Thus

" Thus diſappointed, he returned in great agitation, ſaying, " What a wonderful diſcovery have I made, by the mereſt chance in the world!"

" Oh! Sir!" cried I, " do not condemn Henry, unheard: there muſt be ſome miſtake in this."

" It is hardly poſſible," returned he: " did you not hear one of thoſe perſons tell the other, of the large ſum which Henry had loſt to him laſt night?"

" I could not deny this; and I ſat in a manner ſtupified, till I recollected that we might have been deceived in the ſound of the name: this I mentioned to my father, who admitted it was not abſolutely impoſſible; but ſoon he changed his opinion, reminding me of the hint given concerning the marriage. This ſilenced me.

" At

" At length he bade me follow him, and we regained our carriage, where he kept, all the way home, talking to himſelf: he ſeemed to be weighing ſome point:—" Yes," ſaid he, " I will do ſo: the young man ſhall not ſay I act precipitately: he ſhall condemn or acquit himſelf. I wiſh he may be able to do the latter."

" My father's anxiety, before this matter was aſcertained, cannot be deſcribed; but, I own, I entertained a latent hope that Henry would prove his innocence; till, unfortunately, there could not remain a doubt that he had broken his promiſe. What followed is well known to you, my dear Lady Miramont, and it would be painful to me to repeat it.

" Diſappointed in the opinion I had formed of your brother, I thought, at firſt, that I could eaſily obey my father, and baniſh him from my heart; but the inſtant

ſtant I heard that a ſtrict ſearch was making after him, in conſequence of his duel with Manders, the alarm I felt for his ſafety ſoon convinced me that he was as dear to me as ever. It is impoſſible I can deſcribe to you the anxiety and miſery I endured on his account, during the whole time that Mr. Manders's life was in danger. That Henry ſhould be ſtained with blood was an inſupportable idea; and my apprehenſions for his future fate nearly diſtracted me.

"Thank God, Mr. Manders recovered, and I became ſome degrees leſs wretched. After this we left Richmond, and, preparatory to our journey into Yorkſhire, we came, for a few days, to town. I was very deſirous of ſeeing you, but my father would not let me; ſaying, it would be time enough for me to ſee you, or any of your family, another year, when he hoped, I ſhould have acquired ſufficient ſtrength

ſtrength of mind, to rejoice in the eſcape I had had.

" My father was well acquainted with an intimate friend of old Mr. Manders, whom he had not ſeen ſince the duel; but my father accidentally meeting with him, he learned, that Mr. Manders was extremely uneaſy at ſome hints his ſon had dropped; apprehending, from theſe, that he meditated, as ſoon as his health was reſtored, challenging an Officer, whom he now ſuſpected, of having betrayed a ſecret of importance, not conceiving elſe how it could poſſibly have tranſpired.

" My father inſtantly comprehended the whole of this buſineſs; and, explaining to his acquaintance, by what chance he had overheard the converſation of young Manders and the other Officer, clearly acquitted the latter of the imputed treachery.

" Old

" Old Mr. Manders was ſo delighted to hear this, that he requeſted my father would call upon his ſon, which he did; and, by repeating the very words he had heard in the gardens, entirely removed every doubt, which had ariſen in the young man's mind relative to his friend. Vexed, however, to find that this incautious converſation had produced ſo much miſchief, Mr. Manders, junior, generouſly attempted to excuſe Henry's conduct, in regard to thoſe points which had principally offended my father; alledging, in his defence, that they were all intoxicated when they ſat down to play.

" My father paid little attention, to what he called, juſtifying one vice by another; and, when he returned home, after telling me all he had heard, he repeated, with additional energy, a prohibition, he had before given me, of ever

ever ſeeing or correſponding with your brother.

" The next morning, juſt after my father was gone out, my maid came to aſk, if I choſe to ſee ſome very pretty millinery articles (great bargains) which a woman had brought to ſhew me. I was too wretched to care about dreſs, or ſuch trifles, therefore refuſed ſeeing this perſon; but Fanny (my maid) renewed her importunities ſo earneſtly, that, to free myſelf from them, I conſented to admit the Milliner.

" Upon which, one of the moſt gigantic women, I ever beheld entered the room, with a large caravan box. I ſtarted when I ſaw her figure, but I could not ſee her face; for, beſides a black veil that hung over it, her chin was buried in the folds of a handkerchief, tied under it.

" While

"While ſhe was ſtooping to open the box, Fanny left the room; and, judge of my aſtoniſhment when the woman, falling upon her knees before me, and ſeizing my hand, exclaimed, "Selina!—my dear Selina, forgive me, or I ſhall die!"

"Though I could not miſtake Henry's voice, yet I had not ſufficient command over my feelings, to ſtifle a ſcream.

"For God's ſake," cried he, "be not alarmed. I have no wiſh—no intention, but to ſee you once more, and hear you pronounce my pardon, ere I leave England, perhaps, for ever."

"He was ſtill on his knees—I trembled with terror—he might be ſurprized in that poſture, ſhould my father return—what would become of us both!—I, therefore, haſtily ſaid I forgave him, and conjured him inſtantly to depart; but this he was not inclined to do, though

I prevailed upon him to riſe; when he repreſented that a cold pardon, unaccompanied by one kind look, or word, could not ſatisfy him. In ſhort, my dear Lady Miramont, he ſhewed ſo much penitence for his errors, and ſeemed ſo completely wretched, that I could not diſguiſe from him, that my ſentiments had undergone no change; and I had not the cruelty to reproach him for thoſe fatal actions, for which he had already been ſo ſeverely puniſhed.

"He was juſt beginning to explain to me his plans for the future, when Fanny ran into the room, gaſping for breath,—"My maſter, Madam," cried ſhe, "is juſt come in." I thought I ſhould have ſunk on the floor; but Henry, giving me an expreſſive look of encouragement, with admirable preſence of mind, began buſying himſelf, with collecting together the ſcattered articles. At that inſtant my father entered.—"What have you got

got here?" aſked he. Fanny took upon herſelf to anſwer:—"'Tis only a young woman, Sir, from the French Milliner's."

"My father looked, frowning, at this Patagonian figure:—"Come, come," ſaid he, "carry away all your trumpery: it is a pity you are of the wrong ſex, for you would make a noble grenadier."

"Henry could not refrain from ſmiling; but I was a great deal too much frightened to be diverted with this ſcene; and I was heartily rejoiced when he was gone.—"I do not like theſe ſtrapping wenches being admitted here," ſaid my father. I anſwered, that I ſhould not ſee her again.

"As ſoon as I was alone with Fanny, I expected ſhe would confeſs the part ſhe had taken, in this introduction of your brother; but ſhe did not, and I was

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aſhamed to mention it. Whether my father ſuſpected her to be a likely perſon to carry on a clandeſtine correſpondence, or for what reaſon I know not; but, to my great grief and ſurprize, he diſcharged her ſoon afterwards, and placed an elderly woman about me, whom I conſider as a ſpy.

"Nevertheleſs, Fanny has contrived to elude her vigilance; for, the day after I came to town, ſhe ſent me a note, in which ſhe ſaid, ſhe heard, with great concern, in the family where ſhe lives, that Mr. Henry Mourtray had been taken priſoner along with her maſter's brother, a Surgeon in the army.

"You may gueſs, my dear Lady Miramont, what my feelings were upon receiving this intelligence; and you will not wonder, that I was impatient to hear the truth from yourſelf."

"Emma,

CHAP. VI.

FREQUENT letters now arrived from Mourtray, who had not made the progreſs in his affairs, which he had expected; and, unleſs he abandoned all thoughts of ever profiting by his relation's legacy, he found it abſolutely neceſſary, to prolong his ſtay in Antigua.—He had received the news of his daughter's marriage with ſurprize; but whether her choice, perfectly met with his approbation may be doubted, as his mind was ſuperior to ambition, and merit alone rendered a man eſtimable in his eyes; but, ſince her lot was irrevocably fixed, he kept his opinion to himſelf, and expreſſed the warmeſt wiſhes for her's, and her Lord's happineſs.

The extraordinary diſappearance of his ſon ſtill continued to embitter his days,

for he was yet ignorant, of all that has been already related concerning him.

It was not till quite the end of the ſummer, that the Marquis would conſent to leave town, when Mrs. Mourtray accompanied her daughter to Highwood.—The raptures of the former, at the ſight of that fine place are indeſcribable, and, for ſome time, ſhe thought ſhe never could admire every thing enough; but when the novelty ceaſed, ſhe began to ſuſpect, that magnificent houſes are not always the moſt convenient, as ſhe had before diſcovered, that the ſtyle of living of the great, is far from being the moſt comfortable.—The length of the corridors, and the multitude of ſteps ſhe had to mount, to reach her apartment, fatigued her; the lateneſs and irregularity of the hours, from which ſhe had ſuffered ſome inconvenience in London, ſeemed ſtill more unnatural in the country, where ſhe fancied this evil would have been remedied;

and

and though ſhe was by no means buried here, as at Downton, yet, as the gueſts at Highwood happened, at that time, to conſiſt chiefly of riotous young men, neither theſe, nor the people ſhe ſaw at great formal dinners, could be called ſociety;—ſecretly, therefore, ſhe ſighed for the month of November, when ſhe had promiſed to meet the Thornleys at Bath.

Emma, long tired of London, and its amuſements, rejoiced to find herſelf again ſettled at Highwood; yet, ere ſhe got there, the beauty of the country was faded: it would ſtill, however, have had ſufficient charms to delight her, had Lord Miramont been capable of ſharing them with her; but this was far from being the caſe, for he had no eye for picturesque beauties. The country, in his opinion, was never pleaſant, excepting during the hunting ſeaſon: though it might be bearable earlier, provided his houſe was full of company; at other times it was deteſtable;

teſtable; yet, in fair weather, while he was engaged in exerciſe, he was cheerful, and content: but the evenings paſſed in a family party, hung heavy upon his hands, and a rainy day totally unhinged him.

Unfortunately, though he had very good parts, he had, from his earlieſt youth, been too eager in the purſuit of pleaſure, to have either time or inclination to cultivate his underſtanding; and, now, though he was become more ſober and domeſtic, ſtill this ſeemed a taſk beyond his ability.

Not being accuſtomed to derive any amuſement from books, it never occurred to him, to have recourſe to them; but if, on the recommendation of others, he was induced to open one, he ſeldom got beyond a page; nor could he bear that any body ſhould read to him.

Emma,

Emma, therefore, was obliged to reſerve books for her private recreation, as ſhe was all thoſe little occupations (muſic excepted) in which ſhe took delight.—But, even muſic had not always charms for Lord Miramont, though he really underſtood it, and ſung remarkably well.

When no gay party animated him into exertion, his uſual manner of ſpending the evening was, to lounge on a ſofa, with Emma ſeated near him, whom he wiſhed not to be otherwiſe employed, than to prevent him from feeling *ennui*.—Her ſpirits and good humour often enabled her to diſtance this fiend; but, like the ſpider, having no materials to work with, ſave thoſe ſhe drew from her own ſtore, theſe were ſometimes exhauſted; and then her Lord, after complaining of the tediouſneſs of time in the country, either became troubled with the fidgets, or fell faſt aſleep.

To compenſate for the indolence impoſed upon her in the evening, Emma redoubled her activity in the morning.—All the poor in the pariſhes round Highwood ſhe took under her protection; ſhe fed and clothed the aged, viſited the ſick and infirm, ſaw that nothing was neglected which could contribute to their eaſe and relief, and placed the orphan children at ſchools, which ſhe herſelf frequently overlooked, providing for their maintenance and ſupport: in ſhort, her whole ſtudy was to render this claſs of people, as good and as happy as was in her power.

Lord Miramont's purſe was ever ready to open at her requeſt, but his charity never flowed ſpontaneouſly; it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould give it an impulſe, for of itſelf it ſtagnated. Sometimes, too, he ridiculed her making herſelf the *Lady Bountiful* of the village; or he obſerved, that though it might be right to aſſiſt the poor,

poor, yet it was a work of ſupererogation for her to do this in perſon: ſuch an office might, with propriety, be delegated to the houſekeeper or ſteward, who would probably execute it infinitely better.

Emma, on this ſubject, ventured to controvert his opinion.—The houſekeeper, ſhe ſaid, though a very good woman, was diſinclined to move out of her own ſphere, and too fond of her own eaſe to take the trouble of making a circle of viſits to cottages;—whilſt *ſhe*, always accuſtomed to exerciſe, found health and pleaſure united in theſe tours. The ſteward, certainly, was as active as herſelf; but, then, he was always loaded with buſineſs; and it could not be expected that he ſhould give up much of his time to this.

Lord Miramont, not being able to produce any reaſonable arguments againſt thoſe

thoſe of his wife, generally concluded the debate, with ſaying—"That he liked things to go on in a common way—to do as other people did—and that it was poſſible, by going into extremes, to render benevolence itſelf ridiculous."

Emma heard theſe, or other words to the ſame effect, repeatedly; but they no otherwiſe influenced her conduct, than to make her cautiouſly avoid, being abſent from home, at thoſe hours, when Lord Mirtmont might wiſh for her company.—This wiſh was very frequent,—for ſtill ſhe was adored; and, even in thoſe points in which he differed from her, he could not help ſecretly admiring the principles, upon which ſhe acted.

Emma's reluctance in parting with her mother, at the time appointed for her journey to Bath, was leſſened by the conviction, that ſhe would be happier

there

there than at Highwood; and Mrs. Mourtray promiſed to paſs a couple of months with her, when ſhe returned to town.

About a month after the departure of the former, Emma received a letter from her, in which ſhe announced, in terms of rapture, her happineſs that, at length, her ſon was reſtored to her, Lord Clannarmon having faithfully fulfilled his promiſe, and brought him to Bath, where he learned that ſhe was, from Fitzaubert, whom they found in town. She added, that Henry would be at Highwood almoſt as ſoon as her letter; and, in fact, he arrived only a few hours later.

Lord Miramont received him with the greateſt kindneſs, and Emma with tranſports of joy, in which he ſincerely participated, on ſeeing his amiable ſiſter after ſo long a ſeparation; heartily congratulating her on the delightful change, which, during

during that period, had taken place in her ſituation.

She obſerved her brother had loſt ſomewhat of his beauty; but he had gained in manners, and no trace of the coxcomb was diſcernible.

The following day, when the hurry of their ſpirits had ſubſided, Emma deſired to have a circumſtantial account, of all that had befallen him.—He complied with her requeſt, and ſhe heard him, with infinite ſatisfaction, dwell upon Lord Clanmarmon's kindneſs, with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of gratitude.—"Yet I was forced to leave him abruptly," continued he; "and, when I took my flight from Sydney Farm, not to deal ſo openly with him, as he had a right to expect.—A plan I had ſuddenly conceived I knew he would oppoſe, but I thought it indiſpenſable to my honour; therefore, I reſolved to go abroad, and ſerve in the Auſtrian army

as

as a volunteer: neither could I tell him my fixed intention of ſeeing Selina before I left England, as he would have thought my ſcheme mad and impracticable. I executed it, however, happily.

" One night, after we had parted, I waited till I judged every body to be aſleep, when I went down ſoftly, and ſet out, on foot, to ————. This is a large town, not in the direct road to London, which, for that reaſon, I made my route: here I arrived about ſeven o'clock in the morning, and, having purchaſed every thing neceſſary to equip me as a woman, proceeded on my journey, till I found a retired ſpot convenient for my dreſſing-room, where I haſtily put on my new apparel; and, thus transformed, I took a place in the firſt ſtage coach I reached, which conveyed me to town."

" Ay!—and then you ſet up as a milliner!" ſaid Emma, laughing.

" I per-

"I perceive," returned Henry, "that you are already informed of that adventure; therefore I shall only add, that, soon afterwards, I ventured to write a farewell letter to Selina, and gave her a direction to write to me; but I have never been so happy to hear from her since."

"How did you direct the letter you wrote her?"

"Under cover to her maid, whom I had won over to my interest," answered Henry.

"That explains the cause of Selina's silence," said Emma: "her father, undoubtedly, intercepted this letter, for he suddenly discharged Fanny, without assigning any motive for this dismissal."

"You dear consoler!" exclaimed Henry:—"I see by your manner that Selina's heart

Emma, who had liſtened to her recital with the greateſt intereſt, again repeated her thanks, for the confidence placed in her; but, although ſhe entertained hopes that Mr. Silbourne's reſentment might yield to time, and that the good offices of Henry's friends, in his behalf, would not be fruitleſs; ſtill, for fear of being miſtaken, ſhe dared not cheer Selina with theſe agreeable ideas.

Therefore ſhe only entreated her not to ſink into deſpondence, and to rely upon her friends doing all in their power, to give another colour to her fate: then, tenderly embracing her, ſhe had the ſatisfaction, of leaving this amiable girl, much leſs unhappy than ſhe found her.

Mr. Silbourne ſeemed to wiſh, avoiding a meeting with Lady Miramont; but the latter, the firſt time ſhe was alone with his ſiſter, mentioned Henry, which [illegible] had

had never done while ſhe had been in doubt of the ſentiments of Selina; and Lady Bingfield, being too polite to interrupt her, Emma related the whole of his conduct abroad, which ſeemed to make an impreſſion in his favour; but ſhe felt that, under the preſent circumſtances, it would be indelicate to attempt more.

CHAP.

heart is ſtill my own; and now, if the old man ſhould but relent, I may yet hope to be ſupremely happy. That beſt of human beings, Clannarmon, is determined to undertake the taſk, of ſoftening Silbourne's reſentment. As ſoon as I quit you, we are to go immediately to York, where I ſhall ſtay while he begins his plan of operations; and, indefatigable as he is, to carry any point deſirable to his friends, I cannot help thinking he will ſucceed in this."

"I moſt heartily wiſh it," ſaid Emma; "but, for fear of being diſappointed, be not too ſanguine in your hopes; and recollect, that Mr. Silbourne is rather of an unbending temper. But, now, tell me, why you let our good parents, and myſelf, ſuffer ſo much pain and anxiety about you, which, by one line, you could ſo eaſily have prevented?"

"I acknow-

" I acknowledge that I was to blame," replied Henry; " and now that my brain is rather ſteadier than it was at that time, I am ſenſible of my error; but I dreaded ſo much my parents oppoſition to my ſcheme—my father's arguments—my mother's fits of paſſion—ſtill more, her tears—and your ſoft entreaties—that I reſolved to keep a ſtrict ſilence, till I could give a good account of myſelf; or, what I ſhould have preferred, till others could ſpeak well of me.

" I fought (perhaps) not amiſs whilſt I was with the Auſtrians; but, the inſtant I had an opportunity, I haſtened to fight under Engliſh colours; when, I believe, I may, without vanity, ſay I fought well; for then, being inſpired with patriotic ardour, I ſought to diſtinguiſh myſelf in ſerving my King and country. You are not ignorant that I was ſeverely wounded, and that Thompſon (the Surgeon) had no ſmall difficulty in preſerving my life.—

That

That worthy fellow, Roſſtorne, though an excellent ſoldier, attended me with all the care of a nurſe; and then came Clannarmon, like the good Samaritan, not, indeed, to pour wine and oil into my wounds, but the cordial of friendſhip into my heart. Three ſuch worthy characters, appearing to have no other object in this world, excepting to ſerve me, in their reſpective ways; I no longer thought myſelf a forlorn being, but a perſon of *great* conſequence; and, to ſpeak ſeriouſly, I firmly reſolved, that my future conduct ſhould be unexceptionable.

" Fortunately, when we were all in priſon together, and that I had recovered my health, I was, in my turn, of ſome uſe to my friends; for having, as I ſuppoſe, leſs ſolidity of underſtanding than any of the party, I was not depreſſed as they were, by our misfortune, and often cheered their ſpirits by my rattling nonſenſe;

ſenſe; though ſometimes my gaiety was diſturbed, by thinking on all the uneaſineſs I had given my father—on my mother with pity—and on Selina with regret:—nor did I forget you, my dear ſiſter; but I knew you were happy.

"At length we were exchanged—once more bleſſed with the ſight of England, and arrived together in town.—There Roſſtoune flew to embrace his wife and children, and Thompſon returned to his family, both nobly remunerated by Lord Clanmarmon; for as to me, who had long exiſted ſolely by his bounty, I could only, at preſent, give them thanks: hereafter, I hope, I ſhall be able do more.

"Fitzaubert, whom we found in town, was overjoyed to ſee his brother; but we only ſaw him for an inſtant, being impatient to reach Bath. I need not deſcribe to you the meeting ſcene between

my

my mother and ſelf. Poor dear ſoul!—ſhe was really frantic with joy; and ſhe embraced Clannarmon almoſt as fervently as ſhe did me."

"She muſt be ſenſible," ſaid Emma, "of the innumerable obligations he has conferred upon us."

"I hope ſo," replied Henry; "for my part, I never can acknowledge them ſufficiently."

Emma enquired after Lord Clannarmon's health.

"It is very good," anſwered Henry; "but he is ſtill too apt to be melancholy: indeed, he is never cheerful, excepting when he has juſt performed ſome act of kindneſs or benevolence; and, luckily for his ſpirits, this happens frequently."

"Ah!

" Ah! who can be compared to him, in this reſpect!" thought Emma.

Henry only ſtaid two days at Highwood, being impatient to meet Lord Clannarmon in town, whence they were to proceed to York.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

LORD MIRAMONT, who liked the country only during the winter, remained there till the end of March. On his arrival in town, he was agreeably ſurprized by a viſit from Mr. Deliſle, who had formerly been one of his moſt intimate friends; and, after an abſence of two years, this young man was juſt returned from the Eaſt Indies.

The Marquis haſtened to preſent him to Emma, as one of thoſe perſons he moſt valued; and, from that moment, Deliſle almoſt lived in Hill Street. Ever anxious to oblige her Lord, Emma ſhewed his friend every attention in her power; but ſhe ſoon felt ſhe could not carry her complaiſance ſo far, as to imbibe his partiality for this man.

To morals extremely relaxed, Deliſle joined a freedom of ſpeech highly offenſive to delicacy; and, not content with doing wrong himſelf, he ſeemed to have no greater delight, than when he could entice others to do the ſame. Lord Miramont and he had been at College, and afterwards traveſled together.

Fond of pleaſure, idle, and diſſipated, they had naturally coaleſced; but they could not keep an equal pace in their career; for, beſides the ſuperiority of Lord Miramont's condition, he had no parent to controul him, while Deliſle's daring ſpirit was curbed by his father; who, ſeeing his ſon on the high road to ruin, procured him an employment on the civil eſtabliſhment, at Madras, whither, with infinite reluctance, he repaired.

Lord Miramont mourned his departure; but, at that time, he had ſo many agreeable affairs on his hands, that he

ſoon

ſoon forgot his friend, or only remembered him, when he wanted ſomebody to partake in his pleaſures, or cheer his languid ſpirits.

On the death of Mr. Deliſle, ſenior, who left his ſon a much larger ſhare of wealth, than, as the younger branch of a noble but not opulent family, he had been ſuppoſed to poſſeſs, George Deliſle immediately returned to England; and with him he brought all his former propenſities, which he could now gratify, unreſtrained either by a father's admonitions, or by a ſcanty fortune.

That ſame vivacity which, in early youth, had recommended him to the Marquis, remained unimpaired; and in this he ſaw an apology for all his faults. When any hint, or alluſion, was made to theſe, Lord Miramont uſed to reply,—"Ay; but he is ſo pleaſant, he is the beſt company in the world!"

The beſt company in the world, nevertheleſs, had no ſcruple to machinate the ſeduction of his wife, from the firſt moment he beheld her; and, though he apprehended her virtue might baffle his ſchemes, he was not diſpoſed to abandon them.

Emma, with diſguſt, perceived the aſtoniſhing difference of Deliſle's behaviour in Lord Miramont's preſence, or abſence: in the former caſe he affected a ſort of unconcern and indifference, for which his friend uſed to rally him, ſaying, that his gallantry had ruſted abroad; but if ever he was an inſtant alone with her, he aſſailed her ears with flattery: he profeſſed the moſt enthuſiaſtic admiration of her perſon and underſtanding; and, by artful inſinuations, he attempted to ſhake her faith in her Lord's conſtancy.

Deliſle's perſon was handſome: he had many ſuperficial acquirements, and a natural

natural flow of eloquence: had he been leſs profligate, he might have been dangerous; but his vices carried their antidote with them, exciting abhorrence rather than love.

Lord Miramont's preſent mode of life, compared to that he led in the days of his intimacy with Deliſle, was extremely regular: the latter, at firſt, marvelled, and then laughed at the change. Lord Miramont never could ſtand a laugh: to prove that he was not ſo much reformed as to be *abſolutely ridiculous*, according to Deliſle's aſſertion, he engaged with him in ſeveral joyous parties; but the delight he found in theſe not compenſating for their bad conſequences, he gradually declined mixing in them.

Nor did Deliſle preſs this matter; for, obſerving that Emma's influence, at preſent, was unbounded, he was ſenſible, unleſs it could by ſome means be dimi-

niſhed, he muſt not hope to regain his former aſcendancy over the mind of his friend; but ſhould this ever happen, then they might once more render themſelves famous, as libertines of the firſt order.

Emma had received ſeveral letters from her brother ſince he left Highwood: he was returned from his Yorkſhire expedition, and now with his mother, at Downton: he hinted that Lord Clanmarmon's manœuvres had been attended with unforeſeen circumſtances, which he would hereafter explain; but that, in conſequence of theſe, he had ſcarcely a doubt of matters terminating to his ſatisfaction.

Lady Bell Darnford now being of age, her huſband received her fortune, which Lord Wilmington paid with very bad grace: it always went to his heart to part with money; but to be forced to do this, in favour of ſuch a man as Darnford, enraged

enraged him beyond all bounds; yet there was no remedy; for Lady Bell's fortune had been ſecured to her by her grandfather.

In conſequence of this acquiſition, the Darnfords hired a very pretty houſe, in Piccadilly, in furniſhing of which Lady Bell diſplayed her taſte. Here Emma, when ſhe arrived in town, found her eſtabliſhed, with an elegant carriage, ſervants in gay liveries, and every thing (to uſe Lady Bell's own expreſſion) requiſite to cut a daſh. The intereſt, however, of twenty thouſand pounds was very inadequate to ſupport either her's, or her huſband's expenſive inclinations; but he hoped to derive no ſmall aſſiſtance from gaming, which he could now carry on with additional ſpirit; and it was a matter of perfect indifference to her what he did, provided he did not interfere with her actions.

In one point they happened to agree; which was, to give frequent aſſemblies and ſuppers: in theſe Lady Bell meant to be the principal object of admiration; whilſt he hoped, that the profits of a farо table he intended to hold, would enable him to continue on the ſame enlarged ſcale, as he had ſet out.

Lady Bell now courted Emma much leſs than ſhe had done the preceding year; becauſe ſhe did not want her ſo much; but her profeſſions of friendſhip were as warm as ever.

Lady Wilmington heard, with concern of the ſtyle of life her daughter had adopted; but, as ſhe could only ſee her by ſtealth, Lady Bell gave her few opportunities, of annoying her with remonſtrances.

Lady Elizabeth Paragon, who had flat-tered herſelf that ſhe ſhould entirely eclipſe her

her ſiſter, was provoked beyond meaſure, when ſhe found ſhe could not ſucceed. Her ſplendid equipage attracted, indeed, the eyes of the multitude; but it might parade half the morning through the ſtreets, without one ſmart beau attempting to ſtop its courſe, while Lady Bell's coach, elegantly ſimple, was ſeen ſurrounded by all the fine men, anxious to pay their homage to the object it contained.

Lady Elizabeth occaſionally gave great aſſemblies, to ſhew the magnificence of her houſe: people flocked thither to ſtare and admire, eagerly puſhed their way through the ſuite of apartments, exclaiming, "Vaſtly fine, charming, delightful!"—and then, with all poſſible expedition, they eſcaped to gayer parties; yet, when Lady Bell's houſe was open, though much inferior to her ſiſter's in ſize and decorations, all the world not only crowded thither, but as many as

could, fixed themſelves there for the night.

Theſe circumſtances alone would have ulcerated Lady Elizabeth's temper, independant of other vexations, proceeding from her huſband. *The catch-cold* mania ſtill poſſeſſed Sir Harry: his health, as formerly, was to him an inceſſant ſource of anxiety; which, had it been confined to his own breaſt, would have given his wife no concern; but it gave riſe to a thouſand troubleſome fancies, that ſhe was obliged to humour, or to forego every gratification ſhe deſired: hence ſhe was conſtrained to return home in the evening, juſt at the time when others began to go out, for fear his firſt ſleep ſhould be diſturbed—to ſuffer no air to penetrate into the apartments in warm weather, that inſenſible perſpiration might not be checked—to ſhiver over a handful of fire; becauſe hot rooms relaxed the nerves, and ſmoak affected the lungs—nay, ſhe

was

was even forced to ſit down to a table, ſerved according to the laſt ſyſtem of health, which he had adopted: this, indeed, he frequently changed; but, during the continuance of each, leſt he ſhould be tempted to deviate from the rules it preſcribed, only certain diſhes, dreſſed by his own directions, were allowed to appear.

Thus Lady Elizabeth, with immenſe riches, enjoyed none of the comforts, and few of the advantages ſhe had, in imagination, annexed to them: a prey to *ennui*; linked to inſipidity, in the form of Sir Harry, ſhe vegetated in dull magnificence.

Mrs. Mourtray's complaints having this year attacked her with unuſual violence, ſhe felt herſelf too much enfeebled to join her daughter in town, at the time ſhe had appointed; and Emma was obliged to deny herſelf the pleaſure of

viſiting her, that ſhe might not leave the Marquis in the hands of Deliſle: already had ſhe ample cauſe to lament this intimacy; for ſhe could not diſguiſe from herſelf, that, ſince its renewal, Lord Miramont was much altered.

At Highwood, it ſeemed painful to him to be abſent from her; but now he could paſs whole days away, and apparently forget he had done ſo. In the courſe of the evening, ſhe ſometimes met him abroad: when this happened, he would ſmile, good-humouredly nod, and, as he paſſed along, perhaps, juſt ſpeak to her; but never attempt to join her party, now that he had Deliſle's arm to lean upon.

Emma, with heart-felt ſorrow, already experienced the truth of what her father had aſſerted, that no dependance can be placed on the ſtability of any man's conduct, which is unſupported by ſolid principles.

ciples. He may, for a time, act well; but he is liable to be perverted by the ſlighteſt temptation, being unequal to contend with his paſſions.

Hence, after her marriage, only during the ſhort ſpace of one year, did Emma enjoy a conſiderable ſhare of happineſs; for it could not even then be perfect, unleſs Lord Miramont's mind had been as highly cultivated as her own. His conduct, however, during this period, was unexceptionable; and his tenderneſs ſeemed rather increaſed than diminiſhed.

But no ſooner did Deliſle arrive, than he made it his ſtudy to ſeduce him into error: in this he was leſs actuated by malignancy of diſpoſition, than by the deſire of detaching him from his lovely wife, whoſe beauty captivated him, and who might, perhaps, if neglected by her Lord, fall a prey to his arts.

With

With the hope of obtaining her approbation, he had reformed his behaviour in many reſpects: he no longer offended her ears with *double entendres*, or any freedom of ſpeech on ſerious ſubjects: his eyes, too, were under due reſtraint; and, in imitation of Joſeph Surface, he occaſionally broached the fineſt ſentiments of humanity; which, he flattered himſelf, ſhe would ſuppoſe to be the genuine offſpring of his own mind.

But Emma had too much good ſenſe to be ſo eaſily deceived: ſhe attributed the reformation in his language to her Lord's delicacy; who, ſhe thought, had hinted to him its former impropriety; and as to his fine ſentiments, ſhe could not believe a man capable of feeling them, whoſe conduct was ſo very culpable.

She treated him, therefore, with ſo cold and formal a civility, as extremely to vex

and

and diſconcert him; and, finding he made no progreſs whatever in her favour, he ſought to divert his chagrin, by commencing a flirtation with Lady Bell Darnford.

Her houſe, now, was voted to be the moſt delightful *lounge* in London; and ſeldom a day paſſed, without Lord Miramont's ſpending ſome hours in it: Deliſle did the ſame; and wherever Lady Bell went, he conſtantly followed.

Emma, though extremely glad to be delivered from his company, ſaw, with concern, this new alliance between vice and vanity, which could not fail of being highly prejudicial to Lady Bell. Hitherto, with all her faults, her character had eſcaped imputation; but this could not be expected to continue, if ſhe ſuffered the aſſiduities of Deliſle.

Emma, therefore, with her uſual frankneſs, warned her to beware of him; and, with her uſual levity, Lady Bell laughed at what ſhe called her prudery. She thought fit, however, to behave, when in public, with more circumſpection.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

ABOUT this time, Emma fell extremely ill of a ſore throat and fever; for two days her life was in great danger, and the alarm this gave Lord Miramont recalled to his heart, as ſtrongly as ever, that paſſion which before ſeemed deadened.

Nothing could equal his diſtraction, when he thought himſelf on the point of loſing her: he never ſtirred from her bed ſide, though her diſorder was ſaid to be infectious; he gave her, himſelf, every medicine that was preſcribed; and, if he had not been reſtrained by Deliſle, he would have performed a thouſand deſperate actions.

Lady Wilmington, too, aſſiſted in calming his exceſſive agitation: conformably

to

to her ideas of propriety, ſhe came regularly every day during Lady Miramont's illneſs to enquire after her health. On theſe occaſions ſhe would inſiſt on ſeeing her nephew; and, as ſhe really loved him, ſhe exerted herſelf to calm his fears.

Nor was Lady Bell quite void of anxiety for her friend: ſhe recollected all her amiable qualities, and the warmth and ſincerity of her early attachment; ſhe ſuffered, therefore, for about ſix hours, ſome uneaſineſs about her; during which time, ſhe reflected how ſhocking it was to die in the bloom of youth and beauty, with every advantage of rank, fortune, and ſituation. Lady Bell wept abundantly: again ſhe exclaimed—It was ſhocking—it was lamentable!—At that inſtant her eye reſted on a card rack; there ſhe ſaw an invitation to a ball that night:—ſhe ſtarted up—flew to the glaſs—fretted at the redneſs of her eyes—looked at her watch—perceived the lateneſs of the hour

with

with chagrin;—and, deſpairing to look tolerable at this ſaid ball, ſhe decided to ſtay at home.

The day following, when Emma was pronounced out of danger, Lady Bell expreſſed the livelieſt joy: ſhe went at night to a great aſſembly.—Some perſons mentioned, how much they had been diſappointed at not meeting her at the ball:—"Good Heaven!" exclaimed ſhe; "how could you ſuppoſe it poſſible for me to be there? Lady Miramont was thought to be in danger; and I was the verieſt wretch on earth."

Sidonie, who accidentally heard of Emma's ſituation by one of her ſervants, ran breathleſs to her houſe, where ſhe eſtabliſhed herſelf as prime nurſe, regardleſs of being cenſured as officious; and to her tender care may, in great meaſure, be aſcribed the recovery of her benefactreſs.

Sidonie,

Sidonie, the child of Adverſity, had long been inured to ſufferings of every deſcription; hence ſhe had acquired patience and fortitude to encounter them, as well as a preſence of mind, which, in urgent caſes, always ſuggeſted *that* which was beſt to be done; hence, while Lord Miramont, diſtracted with grief, wildly raved, and the ſervants, who adored their Lady, were ſhedding uſeleſs tears, *Sidonie*, calm, though ſorely afflicted, was buſily occupied in following the directions of the phyſicians.

Lady Wilmington, who applauded highly her own conduct, in ſacrificing a portion of her time to her nephew, or rather to the ſolitude of the drawing-room (for it often happened that he would not quit his wife's chamber for more than a few minutes), Lady Wilmington, then, could not forbear remarking the unremitting attention of *Sidonie*; and, one day, when Emma was recovering, ſhe ſaid,

laid, with an aſſumed graciouſneſs,—"I wonder, Madam, that you, who (as I underſtand) have children, will unneceſſarily expoſe yourſelf to the danger of infection."

"My children, Madam," returned *Sidonie*, "are in no danger: I ſhall not ſee them, till Lady Miramont's health is perfectly re-eſtabliſhed. Probably my parents and my children, had their ſubſiſtence depended ſolely on my feeble exertions, would long ſince have been ſtarved; but to Lady Miramont's kindneſs we are indebted for every comfort we enjoy; and now to be of ſome little uſe to her, is the only pleaſure I have known ſince the beginning of our misfortunes."

Lady Wilmington felt this eulogium on Emma as a tacit reproach to herſelf and Lord; but ſhe was miſtaken, for *Sidonie* was wholly ignorant, that her huſband's family and the Fontelieus were derived

derived from the same stock.—Displeased, therefore, as was Lady Wilmington, he observed, that, however good the intentions of *Sidonie* might be, yet the notions and manners of foreigners (especially in regard to treating the sick) differed so widely from those of the English, that he could be of little use.

"Certainly of far less than I could wish, Madam," replied *Sidonie*, "and very possibly, a difference may exist between the English and French, in this particular; but the sensations incident to human nature are the same in all countries.—Thus, Lady Miramont, perhaps finds, that gratitude in me supplies the want of skill as a nurse; and I, Madam, feel, that my situation, which once was as happy as your's appears now, has still some comforts left."

Lady Wilmington, frowning, rang for her carriage, and *Sidonie* returned to her charge.—

charge.—It may eaſily be imagined, how ſenſibly a heart, tender as was Emma's, felt the generous conduct of her friend, who, during ten days, devoted herſelf wholly to her ſervice, leaving her children to the care of the Duke and Ducheſs; and did not retire, till ſhe ſaw the Marchioneſs in a ſtate of convaleſcence.

Mrs. Mourtray, who had ſuffered infinite anxiety during her daughter's illneſs, was at this juncture ill herſelf, and and thereby prevented from leaving Downton; but Henry haſtened to town to ſee his ſiſter; and, as change of air was ſtrongly recommended to her, ſhe waved her objections to quitting Lord Miramont, and obtained his permiſſion to accompany Henry on his return to Downton.

Nothing could be more tender than the farewell between the Marquis and Marchioneſs: it was the firſt time they had

had been ſeparated ſince their marriage, and it ſeemed to both as an inſupportable misfortune. He wiſhed to have gone with her; but Emma denied herſelf the pleaſure of his company, becauſe ſhe knew the arrival of ſuch a gueſt at Downton, would put her mother into one of her habitual buſtles, which, in her preſent weak ſtate, could not fail of hurting her.

After a thouſand recommendations to Henry, to take care of his ſiſter, and as many to her, to haſten back, Lord Miramont ſuffered the travellers to depart.

On their route, Henry related more fully what he had before only hinted, concerning the footing upon which he now ſtood with the Silbournes.

"You know," ſaid he, "that Clanarmon has a friend of the name of Webſter, who lives very near York; this Gentle-

Gentleman's eſtate joins that of Silbourne, with whom he lives on terms of great intimacy; Clannarmon, therefore, after leaving me at York, went and took up his quarters at Mr. Webſter's houſe; thence it was perfectly natural that he ſhould call upon Silbourne, with whom he had made ſome acquaintance in London.—His reception was extremely cordial, and he was preſſed by the old Gentleman, to come and paſs ſome time with him before he left the North.

"Not to appear too eager, Clannarmon ſeemed rather to heſitate, pleading want of time; but the other becoming ſtill more preſſing, he complied with an invitation, which was exactly what he wanted.

"As it is ſcarcely poſſible to ſee much of my excellent friend, and not to like him; and as he particularly ſought to ingratiate himſelf with Silbourne, before

he had been three days in the houſe, he became ſo very high in his favour, that he gave ſome broad hints, how much he ſhould approve of him as a ſon-in-law:—you will not be ſurprized at this, as you know the blunt character of the man.

"Theſe hints, however, Clanmarmon let paſs unnoticed; and Silbourne, ſomewhat diſappointed, one day aſked him, if he never intended to marry?—to which he anſwered in the negative.

'I am very ſorry to hear this,' ſaid Silbourne;" but I ſee I am born to be unlucky, and muſt not hope that Selina will ever be married to my ſatisfaction.—Perhaps you have heard, that I once intended giving her to Mr. Henry Mourtray; but he turned out very ill—ſo there was an end of that affair. I was vexed at this, for I own I liked the young man, till I diſcovered that he was worthleſs.'

"Clanmarmon,

" Clannarmon, now, thought this a good opportunity to ſay ſomething in my favour: you will eaſily gueſs, that he ſoftened, as much as was conſiſtent with truth, many ugly circumſtances; yet he related the whole of my ſtory, only concealing that I was in the neighbourhood.

" But his narrative had an effect quite different from what he had expected; for, though Silbourne acknowledged, that I had endeavoured to atone for my errors, he ſeemed as diſinclined as before to give me his daughter; and, ſlightly as Lord Clannarmon paſſed over the part he had taken in my affairs, yet Silbourne dwelt upon his merit; and his character having riſen ſtill higher in his eſtimation, he could not refrain from expreſſing the moſt ardent deſire, to have him for his ſon-in-law.

" A thought then ſuddenly ſtruck Clannarmon, that he might turn this predi-

lection to a good account; he therefore ſhewed ſome inclination, to conſider of the old man's propoſal, which delighted him beyond meaſure; and, ſoon after, he took his leave, promiſing, before he left the country, to make him a ſecond viſit.

"He now joined me at York; but he deſired I would aſk him no queſtions, and wait patiently his return from Silbourne's, when he hoped he ſhould be able to give me a ſatisfactory account of his proceedings.

"As he did not arrive quite ſo ſoon as Silbourne had expected, the latter began to apprehend he had forgotten his promiſe, and he was overjoyed to ſee him again.—Clannarmon now ſaid, that, having maturely reflected on the honour he deſigned him, if he were certain Miſs Silbourne could be happy with him, he would propoſe to her:—'For I preſume,' added

added he, 'that your firſt object muſt be to promote your daughter's happineſs.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Silbourne.

'Well, then,' ſaid Clannarmon, 'as our wiſhes perfectly agree, promiſe me that you will not attempt to controul Miſs Silbourne's ſentiments; and, honoured as I am with your good opinion, perhaps you will ſuffer me, in the way I judge beſt, to make her a propoſal which I hope ſhe will accept.'

"Silbourne, quite delighted, entreated he would not defer doing this; and the evening was fixed upon for this important buſineſs.—The old gentleman wiſhed to leave the young people alone, but this Clannarmon oppoſed: after tea, therefore, my friend, addreſſing Selina, ſaid—'You will be ſomewhat ſurprized, Madam, at the abruptneſs of this declaration, as, likewiſe, at my preſumption, in hoping

that you will not refuſe a propoſal, I mean to have the honour of making you. I need not tell you, that your father has nothing at heart ſo much as your happineſs; and, I muſt ſay, it is impoſſible to know you, and not feel extremely intereſted in it.'

" Selina, who had turned pale, looked with amazement on Clanmarmon, unable to reconcile this language, with ſome ſecret converſations, which had previouſly paſſed between them; but he, without ſeeming to notice her embarraſſment, proceeded:—

' Mr. Silbourne has, then, been ſo kind, as to entruſt me with the care of promoting this deſirable object; and, could I hope you would accept my offer, I flatter myſelf that you would hereafter acknowledge, that you owed your happineſs to me.'

" Selina,

" Selina, remaining ſilent, not knowing what to make of this confident addreſs, Silbourne warmly entreated her not to refuſe ſo honourable a propoſal; and Clannarmon, approaching her, as if to plead his own cauſe, ſaid, in a whiſper, —' Have no apprehenſions:—ſay, you conſent.'

" Re-aſſured by this hint, and having perfect confidence in him, Selina ſaid, in a firm manner—' I do conſent to whatever Lord Clannarmon propoſes, becauſe I know that he is ſincerely attached to me; and, ſince he is authorized by my father, I promiſe that he ſhall decide my future lot.'

" Silbourne, in a tranſport of joy, embraced firſt his daughter, and then Clannarmon, who ſecretly diſpatched a meſſenger to me, deſiring I would meet him in Silbourne's park, very early the following morning. As ſoon as we met, he

related all that paſſed, and told me how he meant to proceed: accordingly, when ſummoned to breakfaſt, he led me into the parlour, to the utter amazement of both father and daughter.—'You, Sir,' ſaid he, 'delegated to me the delightful taſk of making your daughter happy, and ſhe condeſcended, to abide by whatever I ſhould propoſe with this view; knowing, therefore, that it is utterly impoſſible ſhe could ever enjoy felicity with any other, than the man to whom ſhe long ago gave her heart, I preſume to entreat you will accept of Henry, inſtead of me. Whatever imprudences he formerly committed, for theſe he has been ſeverely puniſhed; and now, deploring his errors, he comes to ſue for pardon.—Ah! Sir, generouſly forgive him; and ſuffer me to perform the engagement I undertook, of rendering your daughter happy.'

"Silbourne ſeemed abſolutely petrified; but as ſoon as he recovered the uſe

of

of ſpeech, he muttered ſomething about tricks, and that he could not have believed Lord Clannarmon would ſerve him thus.—My friend ſaid, that it had not been without reluctance that he adopted this meaſure; but he conſidered it as the only reſource left, to ſerve two amiable perſons.

" Selina, in the mean while, trembling for the conſequences, and, perhaps, flurried, by ſeeing me ſo unexpectedly, was taken ill, and nearly fainted: this alarmed both her father and me; and the firſt words ſhe pronounced, when ſhe revived, being 'Deareſt Henry!' Silbourne viewed me with a milder eye; and Clannarmon, ſeizing this moment, when he appeared ſoftened, renewed his ſuit with redoubled zeal.—Selina did not ſpeak, but ſhe had got hold of her father's hand, which ſhe repeatedly preſſed to her lips. You may imagine I was not ſilent, and

that I pleaded my own cauſe, with all the eloquence I could command.

"At length, Silbourne's obſtinacy ſhewed ſymptoms of yielding; and our united entreaties wrung from him a promiſe, that, if he ſhould ſee nothing in my conduct to make him retract it, he would, on the ſame conditions he had formerly preſcribed, beſtow Selina's hand upon me in the courſe of the following ſummer.

"Think of my happineſs, my dear ſiſter, and how much I owe to that excellent creature, Clanmarmon, who really has acted, in every trying circumſtance of my life, like my guardian angel!"

"He has, indeed!" ſaid Emma; "and I know not any character more eſtimable than his; for the welfare of others ſeems his only care."

She

She rejoiced in her brother's agreeable proſpects, and theſe, and other intereſting matters, furniſhed them abundantly with converſation, till they reached Downton.—The ſight of her daughter, for an inſtant, made Mrs. Mourtray forget all her complaints; but her ſatisfaction was ſomewhat allayed, when ſhe had time to obſerve how pale and thin ſhe looked. She was, in deſpite of her indiſpoſition, in high ſpirits, having juſt received a letter from her huſband, which informed her that he had gained his ſuit, with coſts, and was actually in poſſeſſion of the eſtate, from which he had ſo long been unjuſtly withheld; that as ſoon as he had put it in a fair way to become as productive as it was capable of being, he would return to England; and, in the mean while, he ſhould tranſmit a ſum, ſufficient (as he hoped) to make her comfortable, being ſhortly himſelf to receive conſiderable arrears.

The native air of Emma—the ſociety of her mother and brother, both cheered by their reſpective views—the hopes of her father's ſpeedy return—the pleaſant change in his circumſtances—and the lively joy demonſtrated in the houſe and neighbourhood, on ſeeing again their beloved young Lady—all contributed to reſtore her health; and, once more, her cheeks regained their wonted bloom.

One morning, when ſhe and Mrs. Mourtray had been airing, Peter told them, as they alighted from the carriage, that Lord Clannarmon was juſt gone.—"His Lordſhip came, I fancy, to ſtay, Madam," ſaid he, to Mrs. Mourtray; "but as ſoon as he heard her Ladyſhip was here, I ſuppoſe he thought as how there would not be room for he—ſo he ordered his ſervants to drive home."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Mourtray; "how ſorry I am!—And what a fool you

you were not to ſtop him!—you knew well enough I could give him a room."

"So I told him, Madam;—but, la! he did not mind me; and he was off in the twinkling of an eye."

Emma gueſſed his reaſon, but this ſhe did not diſcloſe; and Lord Clannarmon having entirely won Mrs. Mourtray's heart, by his behaviour to her ſon, ſhe continued the whole day fretting, that he had not ſtayed; obſerving, what an agreeable meeting it would have been to all parties.

Emma would fain have perſuaded her mother, to return to town with her; but, being ſtill weak, Mrs. Mourtray thought it beſt to remain at home; and as the Thornleys were daily expected in her neighbourhood, Emma left her with the leſs reluctance, certain of their unremitting attentions to amuſe her.

Henry

Henry accompanied his ſiſter on her return, being as impatient as herſelf to reach town, whither the Silbournes were now arrived.—Lord Miramont received his charming wife, after a fortnight's abſence, with many expreſſions of delight; but, excepting the firſt evening of her arrival, he never ſhewed any diſpoſition to ſtay at home; though her late ſevere illneſs made her cautious of expoſing herſelf to the night air; and ſhe was not ſorry to have a pretext for going leſs out than formerly.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

EMMA having only ſeen Lady Bell Damford once, for a quarter of an hour, ſince her illneſs, did not learn, till after her return to town, a circumſtance which had happened in the Damford family:—this Deliſle eagerly communicated.——

"A divine creature!" ſaid he,—"one of the moſt charming women in the world, is juſt arrived from Ireland; and ſhe is come to ſtay ſome time with Lady Bell!"

Emma, coolly, aſked her name.

"It is Mrs. Lennox (Damford's ſiſter)," anſwered he:—"ah Miramont, if ſhe is not enchanting!"

The

The Marquis was ſilent; and Emma ſaying, that ſhe had heard Mrs. Lenmer was very handſome, Deliſle urged her to haſten, and judge of this herſelf.—"You will be delighted with each other!" continued he; "for ſhe is ſo ſoft and gentle, that ſhe will exactly ſuit you!"

While he was yet ſpeaking, the knocker proclaimed the arrival of company, and Lady Bell, preceding Mrs. Lenmer, introduced her to Lady Miramont.—The latter thought her face beautiful; but, during a ſhort viſit, ſhe could not judge, whether ſhe was, in diſpoſition, deſerving of Deliſle's violent encomiums.

Mrs. Lenmer, when extremely young, married an Iriſh Gentleman of large fortune; a circumſtance very convenient to her parents, as they had none to give her.—At that early period of her life, having but juſt emerged from her nurſery,

very, ſhe had no ſort of objection to give her hand to Mr. Lenmer, whoſe perſon was far from diſagreeable, and who ſecured her an advantageous eſtabliſhment; and, as he loved her to exceſs, ſhe imagined, that ſhe could not be otherwiſe than happy with him.

But the warmth of his temper, and his extravagant jealouſy, ſoon convinced her of the contrary; and, as he had ever been an object of indifference to her, ſhe neither tried to ſooth, nor to humour him. Conſequently, they lived exceedingly ill together; violent ſcenes enſued between them; often they were on the point of parting; but he, being ſtill in love, and ſhe, finding the full enjoyment of his fortune extremely pleaſant, they always found it expedient to make up their quarrels; though nothing could prevent their renewing them, with redoubled force, on the firſt occaſion.

Seven years they had thus paſſed in warfare, when, after a very ſerious contention, Lenmer, finding it impracticable to pacify his wife, by any of thoſe means which he had uſually found ſucceſsful, was reduced to the alternative of a final ſeparation, or of conſenting to a ſcheme ſhe had long projected, which was, to ſuffer her to paſs ſome months in England.

After ſhe had extorted from him a moſt reluctant permiſſion, he ſtill found a thouſand pretences to detain her in Ireland; but ſhe ſecretly won over her brother to her intereſts, and, as he was now ſettled in a good houſe in London, and wrote her preſſing letters to come, and make him and Lady Bell a viſit, Lenmer could no longer find any excuſes, to elude the performance of his promiſe.

She well knew that ſhe could not be moleſted with his company, as he had buſineſs

buſineſs that muſt detain him at Dublin; therefore, at length, ſhe had the pleaſure of leaving a man and country, almoſt equally deteſtable, in her opinion, and to become an inmate of her brother's houſe.

Lady Bell had not once been conſulted in this buſineſs; and Mrs. Lenmer had actually landed in England, before ſhe heard that ſhe was to have ſuch a gueſt. —This reſerve in Colonel Darnford highly excited her diſpleaſure, and ſhe reſolved to reſent it, by giving his ſiſter, whom he loved, a very cold reception: but Mrs. Lenmer's beauty, her coaxing manners, and inſinuating flattery, ſoon mollified her anger; and, reflecting that ſuch a companion could not diſgrace, but rather be of uſe to her, by bringing plenty of men to her houſe, ſhe affected to be charmed with her.

Nothing was talked of for ſome days, but the Iriſh Beauty, as ſhe was erroneouſly

neouſly called; and, even when ſome freſh ſubject engaged the public attention, ſtill ſhe never appeared without exciting admiration.—But it was her face alone that was admired; for ſhe had but an indifferent figure, and was rather too fat.

Emma ſaw her frequently, becauſe ſhe could not avoid it, while ſhe was Lady Bell's gueſt, and Mrs. Lenmer ſeemed anxious to obtain her good opinion; but time and experience, had rendered Lady Miramont rather cautious how ſhe attached herſelf; and, notwithſtanding Mrs. Lenmer's character of gentleneſs, certain unguarded looks and words, which ſometimes eſcaped from her, made Emma ſuſpect this, as well as other virtues for which ſhe was extolled, were rather aſſumed than natural.

What Mrs. Lenmer affected to be, Selina Silbourne was in reality; and very different

different was the impreſſion that ſhe had made, in the earlieſt period of their acquaintance, on Emma. Now, indeed, that amiable girl was endeared to her, not only by her merit, but alſo on her brother's account, and become her inſeparable companion. Henry conducted himſelf ſo prudently, that Silbourne became cordially reconciled to him, and ceaſed to complain (as he had done for a ſhort time) of having been tricked by Lord Clannarmon.

Lady Bingfield, who was very fond of her niece, had ſeen, with extreme concern, the deep dejection of her ſpirits during that period, when Mr. Silbourne's reſentment againſt Henry appeared implacable; and, as ſhe made allowances for the imprudence of youth, Henry had never irrecoverably forfeited her favour; therefore, as ſoon as ſhe was convinced, that his character was become more ſteady, ſhe grew eager to promote his union

union with Selina, whoſe mild virtues ſhe believed, would entirely complete his reformation.

Preparations were now made for the marriage of the young people; and, immediately after this was celebrated, they and Mr. Silbourne went to Downton, where they ſtayed a few days before they ſet out for Yorkſhire, Mrs. Mountray's infirmities having prevented her coming to town, on the late joyful occaſion.

To ſee her darling, Henry, thus advantageouſly eſtabliſhed, delighted her moſt extremely; and enabled her to bear, with more patience than could have been expected from her diſpoſition, an illneſs, which, though not dangerous, was exceedingly tedious.

Lord Miramont, this year, announced his intention of leaving town a month earlier than uſual, which Emma heard with

with great ſatisfaction, obſerving to him, that ſhe ſhould now ſee Highwood in full beauty: "Yes; and gayer than ever you ſaw it before," returned he; "for the Darnfords, Mrs. Lenmer, and Deliſle, have promiſed to paſs ſome time with us."

Emma was glad he left the room without waiting for an anſwer; for ſhe could not feign pleaſure ſhe did not feel; and this gay party by no means ſuited her taſte. The obſervations ſhe had daily opportunities of making on the behaviour of ſome of them, convinced her that this, at leaſt, was highly imprudent; and Mrs. Lenmer had not made any progreſs in her eſteem, though there appeared no glaring impropriety in her conduct.—Emma felt that, pure and innocent as was her own, ſtill it would be difficult, at her age, entirely to eſcape cenſure, when ſurrounded by perſons of light manners,

and

and who all, more or leſs, ſeemed diſpoſed to ſet the world at defiance.

She, therefore, wiſhed to have ſome reſpectable companion, whoſe preſence, under theſe circumſtances, might be deemed a protection; but how mortifying was the idea, that this ſhould be neceſſary in her own houſe; and, with a ſigh, did ſhe again recollect her father's parting advice.

As ſhe had not ventured making any objection to Lord Miramont's intended gueſts, he made none to her propoſal of viſiting her mother, for a couple of days, before they went to Highwood, whom ſhe hoped to find ſufficiently recovered, to accompany her thither.

But, diſappointed in this favourite ſcheme, by Mrs. Mourtray's ſtate of health, Emma renewed, more preſſingly than

than before, an invitation ſhe had already given Lady Bingfield, to come and paſs ſome time with her, on her return from Brighthelmſtone, whither ſhe had gone immediately after the marriage of her niece. Lady Bingfield, who loved and admired Emma extremely, and who was aware of the awkwardneſs of her ſituation, promiſed to be with her in the courſe of a month.

Emma had only been three days at Highwood, when Lord Miramont's friends arrived: the agreeable proſpect ſhe had of becoming a mother, afforded her a reaſonable pretext for declining to attend them in various parties, formed for their amuſement. Lord Miramont ſeemed indefatigable in framing theſe, as well as in procuring them diverſions of all ſorts, gaming excepted; but as this alone ſuited Colonel Darnford's taſte, after a fortnight's ſtay at Highwood, he returned to London, where he could always enjoy

what conſtituted the grand buſineſs of his life.

His ſtay, or his departure, little intereſted Emma; but all her gueſts were delighted, to get rid of a perſon extremely inconvenient to them; and neither Lady Bell, nor Deliſle, attempted to conceal their joy.

No ſooner was Darnford gone, than they eſtabliſhed a little *coterie* among themſelves: the ſociable carried them out in the morning, whenever the weather permitted; and, if this was unfavourable for their long excurſions, then they played at billiards. Emma ſeldom ſaw any of the party till dinner, as ſhe was out, taking a quiet drive in her little chaiſe, long before they were ready for breakfaſt. In the evening, as they all pretended to have a violent rage for walking, they ſet out, immediately after they had dined, on ſome ramble, from which they

did

did not return till it was dark; and then, when they could not avoid being with her, two of them uſually contrived to be upon duty at a time, while the other pair ſat lolling and whiſpering together, on a ſofa, in an adjoining room.

At firſt Mrs. Lenmer, meaning to ſeem *prettily behaved*, paid great court to the Lady of the houſe; but, gradually, ſhe relaxed in her attentions, finding that ſhe gained no ground with Emma, who, invariably, treated her with the moſt formal civility. After her brother's departure, Mrs. Lenmer no longer gave herſelf the trouble of attempting to conciliate the favour of a perſon, whom ſhe repreſented to be of a moſt cold and repulſive diſpoſition.

Lady Bell, who had, for ſome time, affected to be extravagantly fond of her ſiſter-in-law, now thought fit to reſent Emma's pretended neglect of her; and

having totally obliterated from her mind, all recollection of their former friendſhip, ſhe treated her with an indifference, often bordering on rudeneſs.

Deliſle's manner to Emma had not altered; but while he ſought, as to the wife of his friend, to convince her of his reſpectful attachment, he was artfully taking every opportunity to fill her breaſt with anguiſh, by inſinuating, that Mrs. Lenmer was become her rival. His hints, however, were unneceſſary, for too plainly did Emma herſelf perceive this.

For a ſhort time after their arrival in the country, Lord Miramont's behaviour, to all appearance, was the ſame as uſual; yet, even then, Emma was ſenſible that it had undergone a great change: his eyes no longer ſought her's: when ſhe ſpoke, however attentive he ſeemed, ſhe could perceive, by his vacant look, that often his

his ears caught only the ſound, not the ſenſe of her words: his ſmiles ſtill expreſſed good humour; but never that cordial ſatisfaction, when they met after a ſhort abſence, nor that rapturous delight when people admired her, as they had formerly. Thoſe little nameleſs attentions, the dictates of ſentiment, which he received without obſerving, he never remembered to repay. Till lately, whatever ſhe wore, appeared to him the moſt becoming dreſs that could be invented: —now, he ceaſed to remark, whether ſhe had or had not attended to her toilet:— Trivial as is this circumſtance, yet it ſerved, amongſt innumerable others, to prove his indifference, eſpecially when contraſted with his behaviour to Mrs. Lenmer; who, now engroſſing his thoughts more and more, this indifference became marked in ſtronger characters.

All the miſeries of unrequited love;— all thoſe which a delicate mind feels in

an union with a man, who has no other guide than his paſſions, Emma, at preſent, experienced; but ſhe neither complained, nor met her Lord with looks of diſcontent, too ſenſible that, after what ſhe had ſeen of his character, and the admonition ſhe had received from her father, ſhe never ought to have expected to fix his wavering affections. Her ſorrows, therefore, ſhe confined to her own boſom; while, by her meek and amiable deportment, ſhe ſought to regain his heart.

It afforded her ſome degree of conſolation, when Lady Bingfield arrived at Highwood; for in her ſhe had a friend, with whom ſhe could be unreſerved on all ſubjects, ſave one, and therefore no longer felt quite forlorn.

But even Lady Bingfield's preſence, occaſioned no alteration, in the conduct of the licentious party in the houſe; and to their other amuſements, they added

that

that of *quizzing* her. Deliſle and Lady Bell declared, one day, that they knew no other purpoſe for which old women were good. Lord Miramont ſmiled approbation; and *the gentle* Mrs. Lenmer ſaid, that, for her part, ſhe abominated them, and thought it would be no bad thing, if the cuſtom of drowning them, as eſtabliſhed in ſome countries, was introduced here. Emma gave her a look of horror; but, not to irritate her Lord, ſhe impoſed ſilence upon herſelf.

Lady Bingfield, of courſe, had been abſent during this pretty dialogue: ſhe, however, perfectly underſtood the ſentiments of theſe amiable people, and deſpiſed them moſt thoroughly.

Such was the ſtate of affairs at Highwood; when, one morning, there came a card from a Nobleman, in the neighbourhood, inviting Lord and Lady Miramont, and their gueſts, to a concert; and as

Emma heard, that her Lord was in his dreſſing-room, ſhe choſe to carry the card herſelf, that ſhe might ſee him for a moment—a pleaſure ſhe had not yet had that day.

As ſhe opened the door, ſhe heard one, exactly oppoſite to it, bang with great violence, and the tail of a muſlin gown appearing, the door was haſtily re-opened to extricate the gown, which inſtantly vaniſhed. She well knew that the owner of this, could be no other than Mrs. Lenmer; for ſhe had juſt before caught a glimpſe of Lady Bell, in a riding habit. Confounded at this glaring proof of her Lord's infidelity, for a moment poor Emma ſtood ſpeechleſs; but, recovering her preſence of mind, ſhe preſented the card, without, however, daring to look at Lord Miramont, whoſe ſuppoſed confuſion ſhe wiſhed to ſpare.

But a very different ſentiment ſeemed in him to predominate; for he angrily enquired, why ſhe had taken the office of his ſervants upon herſelf? This was too much: ſhe could no longer command her tears; and, with great emotion, ſhe ſaid,—"Ah! Lord Miramont!—there was a time when you never thought me troubleſome!".

"There never was a time," cried he, in a loud voice, "when intruſion could be agreeable to me."

"Intruſion!" repeated Emma; "but this ſhall be the laſt!"—and, more dead than alive, ſhe made what haſte ſhe could to regain her apartment, where a copious flood of tears ſomewhat relieved her full heart.

However guilty Lord Miramont might be, he was too good-natured not to feel, as ſoon as his anger cooled, ſome anxiety

for his wife, whoſe ſituation appealed forcibly to his humanity; therefore, when he had finiſhed dreſſing, he went to her apartment.

He found her pale and ſad, but compoſed; for, in all her ſufferings, ſhe had, in religion, a ſource of conſolation denied to the vicious: he now thought fit to apologize for the harſh language he had uſed; and Emma, mild and tender, eaſily forgave; but, alas! ſhe could not forget what ſhe had ſeen; and no explanation, in regard to this, was either offered or demanded.

A ſort of reconciliation, however, took place; and though ſhe felt ſo diſordered, that ſhe would gladly have ſpent the reſt of the day in her own apartment, at Lord Miramont's earneſt requeſt, ſhe conſented to appear at dinner.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lenmer, whom ſhe expected to have ſeen ſomewhat abaſhed, behaved with her wonted eaſe; and even affected great ſolicitude for her health.

The Marquis, whatever he felt, avoided, during that evening, having any particular converſation with Mrs. Lenmer; but the following day things returned into their former channel.

Soon, however, theſe met with a very ſerious and unexpected interruption.—One morning, when Emma returned from her airing, Lord Miramont, whoſe viſits became daily leſs frequent, came, with a diſturbed air, into her dreſſing-room; but as he did not ſay what had ruffled him, ſhe forbore to enquire. While he was pacing the room, ſeemingly abſorbed in thought, Lady Bingfield entered:—her looks, ſtrikingly contraſted with his, appearing unuſually gay; and, with a malicious ſmile, ſhe ſaid—"So, Lord

Miramont, I underſtand moſt of your gueſts are on the point of leaving you!"

"Yes, Madam," replied he, darting at her a fierce look; "that.... Mr. Lenmer is coming from Ireland."

"So much the better," returned Lady Bingfield: "I wonder he would ſuffer his wife to be ſo long in England, without him."

"The better, indeed!" retorted Lord Miramont:—"he is a horrid brute, and uſes Mrs. Lenmer infamouſly."

"Undoubtedly, then, he is much to blame," ſaid Lady Bingfield; "yet bad huſbands are ſometimes reclaimed, by the prudent conduct of their wives."

Lord Miramont, perhaps, was ſenſible this was not likely to be the caſe with Mr.

Mr. Lenmer; and, vexed at Lady Bingfield's ſarcaſtic air, he abruptly departed.

Emma, who had not opened her lips during this ſhort dialogue, could no longer repreſs her curioſity to learn more on its intereſting ſubject.

"I can tell you little, my dear Lady Miramont," anſwered Lady Bingfield:—"what I mentioned, I gathered from the angry exclamations, of Lady Bell Darnford and Mrs. Lenmer. I fancy they have received a ſummons from Colonel Darnford; for when I went, juſt now, into the library to fetch a book, I found them ſitting in grand council, with an open letter laying before them; and they did not think me of ſufficient conſequence, to reſtrain their wrath in my preſence."

Juſt

Juſt as Lady Bir[illegible]ld ended theſe words, Lady Bell [illegible]ade her appearance:—"I ſuppo[illegible] you have heard," ſaid ſhe, "the un[illegible]ſant news, Lady Miramont."

"What news, Madam?"

"Why, that we are obliged to leave you to-morrow. Colonel Darnford is ſo abſurd, as to inſiſt on Mrs. Lenmer's being in town to meet her odious huſband, who is daily expected there."

"It is, indeed, highly unreaſonable!" ſaid Lady Bingfield, ironically.

"I hope," ſaid Lady Bell, warmly, "that ſhe will make his reception ſo diſagreeable, as ſpeedily to drive him back to his wild countrymen."

"A moſt charitable wiſh!" cried Lady Bingfield; "and give me leave to add

add mine, that Mrs. Lenmer may accompany him!"

Emma devoutly wiſhed the ſame, though ſhe kept it to herſelf; and Lady Bell, highly provoked, after making ſome ſharp ſpeeches to the good old Lady, retired.

Mrs. Lenmer was diſſolved in tears the whole evening, in deſpite of all the pains taken to conſole her by her worthy aſſociates. Lord Miramont, alſo, was extremely dejected; and the following morning, when Lady Bell and Mrs. Lenmer departed, he ſeemed quite in a ſtate of deſpair.

The farewell between them and Emma was equally cold on all ſides. Deliſle wiſhed to accompany the travellers, but Lord Miramont wanted his company; and the Ladies, leſs apprehenſive of diſpleaſing

pleaſing their huſbands (a trifling conſideration) by accepting ſuch an eſcort, than of incurring the cenſure of the world, diſpenſed with his attendance, on condition that he would ſhortly follow them.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

THE Ladies departure gave no ſmall relief to Emma's ſpirits, and ſhe flattered herſelf that Lord Miramont's melancholy would ſoon ſubſide; for ſhe indulged a belief, that Mrs. Lenmer had only made a ſlight impreſſion on his heart, which would be effaced, when he no longer ſaw her.

She now exerted herſelf to amuſe him, and he did not ſeem quite inſenſible of her intention; but he ſaw her ſeldom,—paſſing great part of the day, alone, in the library, writing; and the arrival of the poſt, which he never uſed to care about, was now become a matter of the firſt importance.

Mrs. Lenmer had only been gone a week, when, one night, after ſupper, a ſmall

ſmall box was brought to the Marquis: he ſtarted with joy when he ſaw it, and, ſnatching it from the ſervant, retired to his own apartment, whence he did not return to the company.—Emma ſuſpected this box contained Mrs. Lenmer's picture; and ſhe ſighed, to think of the arts of her wicked rival.

From the time this box, ſcarcely leſs miſchievous than that of Pandora, arrived, Lord Miramont daily became more gloomy, and ſo reſtleſs and diſcontented, that nothing ſeemed to pleaſe him.

Another week had now paſſed, when, one morning, he burſt into Emma's room in great perturbation.—"I am going," ſaid he,—"I muſt go directly to town, where I have buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence."

"Then," cried Emma, "I will accompany you, and wait my confinement there, inſtead of here."

"By

"By no means," ſaid he, eagerly;—"you muſt not change your plan;—beſides, my ſtay will be but ſhort."

"Ah! my dear Lord," cried Emma, "either ſuffer me to go with you, or do not leave me now!—My mother, alas! cannot come to me, for her lameneſs continues; and if I am, at this juncture, deprived of the ſociety of thoſe I moſt love, I fear my ſpirits will forſake me!"

"Pſhaw!—you are abſurd!—Have I not told you that I will ſoon return?—and, as to accompanying me, that is out of the queſtion, for I ſhall travel during the night,—a fatigue you could not bear."

Emma now, for the firſt time in her life, ſtrenuouſly urged a point, in oppoſition to Lord Miramont's wiſhes; but all her prayers and entreaties were ineffectual, for he declared nothing ſhould detain, and no conſideration induce him,

to

to permit her undertaking a journey, in her preſent condition.—Deliſle, he ſaid, ſhould accompany him; and he truſted that Lady Bingfield, would take ſuch excellent care of her, during his ſhort abſence, as to prevent her feeling it as a misfortune.

Lady Bingfield, almoſt enthuſiaſtic in her attachments, violent in her abhorrence of infidelity in huſbands, and with a temper naturally irritable, was ſo provoked with Lord Miramont, for leaving his charming wife in her preſent ſituation, to run (as ſhe firmly believed) after Mrs. Lenmer, that nothing reſtrained her indignation from burſting forth, but the reflection, what effect it might produce on Emma.

This made her curb her feelings, yet her countenance, in deſpite of herſelf, betrayed them.—The dinner was ordered two hours ſooner than uſual, as the Marquis

quis declared he ſhould depart immediately afterwards.—A more gloomy party could not eaſily be found, than the four perſons who now ſet down at table. Poor Emma could not ſwallow a morſel—ſhe neither wept, nor ſpoke; but the ſilent anguiſh of her looks beſpoke the tendereſt pity.

Lord Miramont, weak, inconſtant, and under the dominion of a new paſſion, was not, however, able to exclude the feelings of humanity from his breaſt, nor could he view his ſuffering wife without remorſe; yet, ſtill, he obſtinately perſevered in his purpoſe.—Lady Bingfield longed to diſſuade him from it; but, conſcious of the warmth of her own temper, which might urge her to ſay ſomething indiſcreet, ſhe remained ſilent. Even the profligate Deliſle was affected by Emma's ſorrow, and gave his friend ſome expreſſive looks of diſapprobation.

Lord

Lord Miramont, more and more agitated, as the time of his departure approached, had no ſooner ſwallowed one glaſs of wine, than, ſuddenly, he ſtarted up, and, having taken Emma's hand, which he juſt touched with his lips, he was haſtening out of the room, when an exclamation of Lady Bingfield's made him turn his head, and he beheld the Marchioneſs ſunk back in her chair, apparently lifeleſs!

He now flew to her aſſiſtance; Lady Bingfield was ſupporting her, and Deliſle opening the window.—"This is your work," ſaid the former, with a furious look;—"if you have not a mind to kill your angelic wife, you will renounce your wicked purpoſe."

"By G—, you muſt," cried Deliſle: "it would be downright ſavage to leave Lady Miramont now."

The

The Marquis, on hearing theſe words, drew Deliſle aſide; and Lady Bingfield heard him ſay, in a low voice,—"But once—only once more—and then . . . ."

"No, no," interrupted Deliſle; "you cannot—indeed, Miramont, you muſt not."

Still the latter ſeemed to expoſtulate.—In the mean while, the uſual methods having been taken to recover Emma, ſhe revived; and, looking wildly round in ſearch of Lord Miramont, when ſhe ſaw that he was not gone, ſhe exclaimed, claſping her hands together,—"God be thanked!"

The ſound of her voice brought Lord Miramont by her ſide:—"You will ſtay, then," cried ſhe, ſeizing his hand, and looking earneſtly in his face;—"yes, I am ſure you will."

"I hope

"I hope it is not poſſible this can admit of a doubt," ſaid Lady Bingfield, eagerly.

"It cannot," cried Deliſle; "and I will inſtantly forbid the carriage."

Lord Miramont, now, ſeemed aſhamed of making further oppoſition, and thus his journey was put off, without his opening his lips. But he had yielded with ſo bad a grace, that Emma durſt not hope he had altogether given up his project; yet, conſidering his conceſſion in the light of a reprieve, ſhe gratefully thanked him, and, for the preſent, her agitation was ſomewhat calmed.

Lord Miramont's diſſatisfied looks, and ſullen ſilence, ſoon renewed her uneaſineſs; and he never left the room, that ſhe did not tremble leſt he ſhould not return. He ſeemed, if poſſible, more ſad and gloomy the day following; but, the

next,

next, he did not even appear at breakfaſt, remaining the whole morning ſhut up in the library, where Emma, in his actual ſtate of mind, dared not intrude.

When dinner was ſerved, he ſent word he could eat none, feeling himſelf much indiſpoſed, but deſired to be left alone: he was accordingly obeyed. After coffee, however, Emma, unable any longer to controul her anxiety, reſolved to ſtep ſoftly to the library door, and learn, if poſſible, whether he was aſleep, having underſtood that he was repoſing on a couch; but, to her great amazement, ſhe found the door wide open, and no veſtige of him there, nor in any of the apartments, which ſhe haſtily traverſed!

Her heart now beat violently, with a miſgiving, that the evil ſhe had ſo much dreaded, had, in fact, happened. One faint hope remained,—that he might have walked out; for, though late in the year,

ſhe new neither darkneſs, nor bad weather, ſometimes deterred him from taking a ſolitary ramble.—To enquire whether this was the caſe, ſhe pulled the bell violently, and Lady Bingfield, Deliſle, and the groom of the chambers, all ran into the room, almoſt in the ſame inſtant.

"Where is he?—where's Lord Miramont?" cried ſhe, eagerly. All ſtood mute, for none knew where he was:—out flew Deliſle, and the ſervant, to enquire; and, preſently, the former returned, but with an air ſo confuſed, as to ſuggeſt a thouſand dreadful ideas to both the Ladies.

"Good God! Mr. Deliſle," cried Emma, "what is the matter!—for Heaven's ſake, ſpeak!"

"Nothing ſerious is the matter, upon my honour," anſwered he, heſitatingly. "Lord Miramont is ſafe, but your Ladyſhip

dyſhip muſt not be affected, if I tell you the truth:—he is gone;—he had indiſpenſable buſineſs, it ſeems, and could no longer defer it."

Emma fetched a deep ſigh, and Lady Bingfield, conjuring her to ſummon her fortitude to her aid, prevailed upon her to take ſome drops.

Deliſle, now, was deſired to explain how he knew that Lord Miramont was gone: upon which he ſaid, that, juſt after he had left them, to enquire what was become of the Marquis, he had not proceeded many paces on the lawn, when he met one of the ſtable people with a paper in his hand, addreſſed to him.—On this was written, with a pencil——

"I AM going this inſtant to town; my journey ought not to have been prevented; now it is abſolutely in-

diſpenſable.—I entreat you to tranquillize my wife, and aſſure her, that I certainly will return hither in two days.

" MIRAMONT."

" And now, Madam," ſaid Deliſle, " if you have any commands for me, honour me with them ſpeedily; for it is my intention to follow Lord Miramont immediately. I have already ſent for horſes."

Emma had no great faith in this man's ſincerity, though, on this occaſion, he had ſhewn himſelf extremely intereſted for her; therefore ſhe only ſaid, ſhe was obliged to him, and that, if Lord Miramont intended returning, as ſoon as he mentioned, it was unneceſſary to trouble him with any meſſage.

Lady Bingfield, not being ſo well acquainted with Deliſle's character, did not enter-

entertain the ſame doubts as did her friend; and, thinking his expoſtulations with the Marquis might be of ſervice, as he left the room, ſhe made him a ſign, which he underſtood; and, in a few minutes, ſhe joined him.

"What can have occaſioned," cried ſhe, "this ſudden—this ſhameful flight of Lord Miramont's?"

"Why, Madam," replied he, "I find an expreſs from town arrived juſt before dinner, who brought the Marquis a letter: this, probably, decided him to depart; for, after a few moments of private conference with his ſervant, the latter went to the ſtables, where he had his Lord's carriage got ready, but did not let it come to the houſe; ſo, whilſt we were at table, Lord Miramont walked out unobſerved; and no creature, excepting the ſtable people, who were not ſuffered to quit their poſt, and his own ſervant,

who accompanied him, knew of his departure."

"Monſtrous!" exclaimed Lady Bingfield;—"ſo wicked a proceeding I never heard before! None but the moſt unprincipled of men, could think of leaving his wife, in Lady Miramont's condition!"

"And ſuch a wife—ſuch an angel!" cried Deliſle:—"I am bad enough myſelf; yet, I ſwear, I could not have had the heart to act as Miramont has done. Lady Miramont's meek ſorrow melted me ſo much t'other day, that, by my ſoul, I ſhould have been inclined to quarrel with her huſband, had he perſevered in leaving her; and, now, the beſt thing I can do to ſerve her, is, to purſue, and bring him back."

"But not quarrel with him, I hope," cried Lady Bingfield, eagerly.

"No,

"No, no—I will avoid that; but, I muſt tell your Ladyſhip, fairly, that, if once he reaches London, I deſpair of getting him thence in a hurry: my only hope is, that, not ſuſpecting I ſhall come after him, he will not travel ſo very faſt; but that, by my riding faſt part of the way, I may overtake him."

"Heaven grant you may, and thus diſappoint the vile woman, who ſeduces him hence!"

Lady Bingfield now haſtened to rejoin her friend, and Deliſle left Highwood with the greateſt ſpeed.—Emma, ſunk in the deepeſt ſtate of dejection, could only anſwer with her tears, to all the arguments employed for her conſolation by Lady Bingfield; and, when the latter reminded her of Lord Miramont's promiſe, of returning in two days, ſhe ſhook her head, incredulouſly, being prepoſſeſſed with a notion, that ſhe ſhould ſee him

no more. Although ſhe did not communicate her thoughts, Lady Bingfield perceiving what paſſed in *them*, tried to diſpel theſe gloomy apprehenſions; but Emma, abſorbed in melancholy, ſeldom liſtened to her diſcourſe.

Thus paſſed the firſt day after Lord Miramont's departure; but, on the ſecond, when no letters arrived from Lord Miramont, or even from Deliſle, Lady Bingfield, interpreting this ſilence favourably, felt almoſt certain that the Marquis would come in the evening. She was, therefore, conſtantly liſtening to every ſound—ſtarting up, and running into the hall; and her repeated diſappointments did not, till very late at night, entirely diſcourage her expectations.

Emma, apparently compoſed, never took any part in theſe, for ſhe expected no other intelligence of Lord Miramont, than of his having followed Mrs. Lenmer

to

to Ireland, whoſe huſband, ſhe fancied, had already carried her thither.—As ſhe forbore all complaints, or comments on the cruel behaviour of the Marquis, the anguiſh it occaſioned preyed upon her mind; and, had ſhe not been ſupported by religion, and the conſciouſneſs of not having deſerved her misfortune, it is probable ſhe would have fallen a victim to deſpair.

The third morning, Lady Bingfield being down ſtairs very early, and hearing that Emma was ſtill in bed, not having cloſed her eyes all night, ſhe determined to paſs the interval before breakfaſt in the air; but ſhe had not ſtrolled far into the park, when ſhe perceived a poſt chaiſe and four, advancing at a furious rate.

Though ſhe had no doubt this was Lord Miramont returning, yet, as it was prudent to be certain, before ſhe chanced

the ſuppoſed good news to the houſe, ſhe continued her walk, ſtraining her eyes to diſcern the object ſhe expected. But her ſpirits ſunk, when ſhe could diſtinguiſh this, was quite unlike Lord Miramont's carriage; and, being now very near her, it ſtopped, and a Gentleman leaped out of it, in whom ſhe recognized Delille.——His wild and haggard air filled her full of alarm.

"Good God!" exclaimed ſhe; "where is the Marquis?—What ails you?"

"Dreadful!—horrible news!" cried he.—"What will become of Lady Miramont!"

Queſtions and anſwers now rapidly followed each other; and, though Delille was too much agitated, to give a coherent detail of what had paſſed in town, Lady Bingfield too clearly underſtood, that Lord Miramont was dying, having been

been wounded (mortally, as was apprehended) in a duel he had fought the preceding day with Mr. Lennet.

" Poor Miramont is perfectly aware of his danger," continued Delille:—" the name of Emma is constantly on his lips; and, in broken accents, he told me, he should die in misery, unless he could see her once more."

" Impossible!" cried Lady Bingfield; " oh! it is absolutely impossible!—Who could venture to announce these horrid tidings to her?—much less to carry her, to behold such a scene as her husband's death!"

" What, then, can be done?—Must the poor Marquis die in despair?—and never, oh! never obtain her forgiveness!"

" This is dreadful, but, perhaps, at this moment, all may be over with him;

and, then, think of the horrors awaiting Lady Miramont, at the end of a journey which may occaſion her death, without being of any uſe to the Marquis."

"Pardon me," replied Deliſle: "the ſurgeons think he may yet live ſome days, though they give no hopes of his recovery; and, hereafter, ſhould Lady Miramont learn, that ſhe might have ſeen, and comforted her Lord in his dying moments, will ſhe ever forgive our having prevented her?"

Lady Bingfield's opinion ſtaggered—ſhe felt quite bewildered—one moment reſolving this—the next that; whilſt Deliſle kept repreſenting the urgency of the caſe, which required immediate deciſion.

At that inſtant, the object of their ſolicitude, the unfortunate Emma, appeared: ſhe had come out in ſearch of Lady Bingfield, and, as ſhe was almoſt cloſe to them,

them, they had only time to agree, that ſhe ſhould be told Deliſle was ſent by Lord Miramont, to excuſe his not having returned at the appointed time, in conſequence of a ſevere illneſs, which ſtill confined him.

This appeared to them the gentleſt way, of preparing her, for the cruel intelligence ſhe muſt hereafter learn; and ſhe liſtened to this tale, with more fortitude than they had expected.—Inſtantly, however, ſhe peremptorily declared, that nothing in the world ſhould hinder her from ſetting out directly for London; and Deliſle, who had expected ſhe would act thus, had, previouſly to his meeting with Lady Bingfield, ſent his ſervant forward, to order Lady Miramont's carriage to be prepared. Having retained horſes all the way on the road, coming down to Highwood, he knew ſhe would very ſpeedily reach town, which circumſtance ſhe learned with as much ſatisfaction, as ſhe could feel in the midſt of alarm and uneaſineſs.

Lady

Lady Bingfield was her only compa-nion in the poſt chaiſe, that carried her from Highwood: her ſervants followed in another, and Delille returned to town in his own.

Miſerable as was Emma during this journey, ſhe ſuffered leſs than Lady Bingfield, who, carrying in her breaſt a fatal ſecret, which, unfortunately, it was her lot to diſcloſe, ſhe dreaded inexpreſſibly the moment when this ſhould be neceſſary. How to ſoften the ſtroke ſhe knew not, yet ſhe thought ſomething muſt be done, before Lady Miramont was permitted to ſee her Lord.—Every word that dropped from Emma's mouth relative to his illneſs, inflicted a freſh pang in Lady Bingfield's heart, who clearly ſaw, not only that ſhe was trying to deceive her's ſelf concerning his danger, but, alſo, that ſhe thought her ſituation leſs deplorable, now ſhe knew that Lord Miramont was not with Mrs. Lennier.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

ALTHOUGH the travellers never meant to ſtop on the road, they knew it was impoſſible to reach London till late in the evening. Deliſle, with the hope that Lady Bingfield might prevail upon Emma to take ſome refreſhment, ſecretly contrived, that her chaiſe ſhould meet with ſome delay at the laſt ſtage; and, in the mean while, he preceded her to Hill Street.

But Emma would not alight; and all that Lady Bingfield could urge being in vain, after drinking a glaſs of wine and water, ſhe inſiſted on going on. Deliſle met them at the door of Lord Miramont's houſe, accompanied by Doctor ....., in whom he knew Emma placed great confidence: theſe Gentlemen, therefore, prevented

prevented her from flying to Lord Miramont's chamber, the Phyſician repreſenting, that it was of the utmoſt conſequence, his Lordſhip ſhould be kept quiet that night; and aſſuring her, that ſhe ſhould ſee him the following morning.

Lady Bingfield, who had not yet had the courage to make the dreadful diſcloſure, approved highly of this delay; which was ſo peremptorily inſiſted upon by Doctor ——, and ſo earneſtly recommended by her friends, that Emma, after conteſting the point ſome time, at length conſented to defer her viſit.

But, now, ſhe greatly embarraſſed the Phyſician by her queſtions, concerning her Lord's illneſs; and though he was very cautious in his anſwers, he ſaw that her alarm had conſiderably increaſed, in conſequence of the precautions taken, to prevent her being ſuddenly ſhocked; and her ſituation giving him very ſerious uneaſineſs,

eaſineſs, he earneſtly conjured her to retire to bed.

Finding her inflexible in this reſpect, he took the neceſſary meaſure to compoſe her, unknown to herſelf, by giving her a quieting draught, mixed up in red wine and water; which, having the deſired effect, ſhe was the better enabled, to encounter the dreadful ſcene, that awaited her.

While ſhe was repoſing on a couch, attended by her woman, Lady Bingfield retired into the adjoining room, where ſhe found Deliſle and the Phyſician.—From the latter ſhe learned, that Lord Miramont was much worſe, and not expected to live four and twenty hours; but that his head was ſtill perfectly clear; that he had heard, with infinite delight, of Lady Miramont's arrival; and had acquieſced, though reluctantly, with the reaſons aſſigned by him and the Surgeons,

for

for deferring their meeting till the following day.

Doctor ——— now returned to the Marquis; and Lady Bingfield being alone with Delisle, she requested he would inform her of the particulars of the catastrophe. He looked confused:—"Alas!" said he, "I cannot relate this horrid story, without feeling every sentiment of shame and remorse!—for, perhaps, had I acted less unworthily myself, my friend would long have enjoyed domestic happiness, instead of being, at this instant, on his death-bed!"

Delisle's voice became thick: he turned aside to hide some tears that trickled down his cheeks; and some minutes passed before he could proceed.

"Poor Miramont and I," continued he, "began the world together; and, with such dispositions as our's were, certainly

tainly this was unfortunate for us both; for we encouraged each other, in thinking of nothing but the gratification of our paſſions. Afterwards we were ſeparated for a time, and happy would it have been, had we never met again. During our ſeparation, neceſſity had ſomewhat ſobered me, and marriage was ſuppoſed to have reformed him.

" But no ſooner did I find myſelf in affluent circumſtances, on my return to England, than I renewed my former licentious life; and ſuch is the prevalence of example, that I perceived Miramont had ſtrong temptations, to do the ſame.

" You will deteſt me when you hear, that, actuated by ſecret motives, I encouraged in him, as much as poſſible, this evil propenſity—But—"

" Good

"Good God! Mr. Deliſle!" interrupted Lady Bingfield; "what have you not to anſwer for!"

"I am too ſenſible of this, Madam," returned he; "and I will not offend your ears, by detailing my wicked views; but merely relate what is neceſſary, to elucidate the late tragical event.

"I need not deſcribe to your Ladyſhip, the arts Mrs. Lenmer employed to captivate Lord Miramont: her beauty, indeed, ſtruck him the very firſt time he ſaw her; yet ſhe might not have made any deep impreſſion on his mind, had I not, with the hope of detaching him from the Marchioneſs, flattered his vanity, by inſinuating that Mrs. Lenmer was in love with him. I exulted extremely in the effect this produced, and neglected no opportunity of fanning the flame. By theſe means Miramont, naturally inconſtant,

ſtant, was ſoon worked up into a paſſion for this woman."

A movement of horror, which now eſcaped Lady Bingfield, made Deliſle pauſe.—At length he ſaid: "I do not wonder, Madam, at the indignation your looks expreſs; and I declare, you cannot abhor my conduct more, than I now abhor it myſelf.

"Suffer me, however, to proceed:—At Highwood I continued a flirtation with Lady Bell Darnford, in which I had originally engaged, merely as ſome conſolation for the ſcorn and diſappointment I had met with, in my preſumptuous views on the Marchioneſs.

"You muſt have noticed, that my attentions to Lady Bell were extremely convenient to the Marquis and Mrs. Lenmer; and how much her huſband's intended arrival diſconcerted us all.

"What

" What paſſed at Highwood, after the party broke up, I need not repeat. You know Lord Miramont was always writing; for he daily received volumes of tender epiſtles from Mrs. Lenmer, complaining of her huſband's barbarous uſage, and proteſting, that ſhe ſhould die with grief, if dragged to Ireland, without ſeeing him once more.

" Miramont, half diſtracted by theſe letters, was expoſed to perpetual conflicts with himſelf—Love urging him to depart—Honour to ſtay. But when he heard, that Mr. Lenmer had actually fixed an early day for his departure, and that he had not a moment to loſe, if ever he wiſhed to ſee Mrs. Lenmer again, his journey was decided.

" Hitherto I had befriended this improper attachment; but ſome reflections I had leiſure to make, after Lady Bell went away, created in me apprehenſions, that

that Lord Miramont's tumultuous paſſions might have fatal conſequences; and I proteſt, I was ſincere in my endeavours to prevent his leaving Lady Miramont, being much affected when I ſaw how cruelly ſhe was hurt.

"I even incurred the diſpleaſure of my friend, in an attempt to ſerve her; for knowing where he kept Mrs. Lenmer's picture, which ſhe had lately ſent him, I privately placed Lady Miramont's over it; and, perceiving that he ſtarted, and turned pale at this ſight, I ſought to awaken in him ſentiments, which I ſorely regretted having helped to ſtifle—but he broke from me in anger.

"His charming wife, ſo amiable, ſo dignified in her whole deportment, during the ſevere trials ſhe had undergone, now intereſted me very differently than formerly; for I felt for her every ſentiment of reſpect, pity, and concern.

"The

"The warmth with which I had eſpouſed her cauſe, prevented me, I ſuppoſe, from being let into the ſecret of Miramont's departure; however, I have ſince learned, this was occaſioned by an expreſs, ſent by Mrs. Lenmer, to haſten his journey.

"Almoſt immediately after he arrived in town, ſhe eloped from her huſband; and putting herſelf under Lord Miramont's protection, was placed by him in lodgings at Paddington, where he hoped ſhe would remain concealed, till Lenmer had left England.

"But this man, furious at his wife's conduct, was indefatigable in his reſearches; and, it is imagined, diſcovered her abode by the treachery of her Iriſh footman: be this as it may, Lenmer contrived to meet Lord Miramont, who was returning thence, when he addreſſed him in ſuch opprobious terms, accuſing him

of

of ſeduction, that Miramont found it impoſſible to keep his temper: very high words paſſed between them; and the reſult was a challenge, given by Lenmer, and accepted by my friend.

" All this I learned from the latter, the firſt time we met, which was not ſo ſoon as I had hoped, having been delayed on my journey by an overturn; and, when I did arrive in town, it was not till after ſeveral ineffectual attempts to ſee the Marquis, that at laſt I ſucceeded.

" Having thus, unfortunately, been hindered from ſeeing him, it was impoſſible, when I heard of the challenge, to urge his return to Highwood, as I had intended; yet, had we met ſooner, I really think I ſhould have carried this point; for, I am convinced, he was very ſorry at the deſperate ſtep Mrs. Lenmer had taken; which, ſo far from increaſing his love, only occaſioned him embarraſſ-

ment, by rendering public this diſgraceful intrigue. I, likewiſe, obſerved, that he was wretched about Lady Miramont, and already full of ſorrow and remorſe. He owned that, apprehenſive I ſhould teaze him to leave town, he had purpoſely kept out of my way; but now he had wiſhed to ſee me, being deſirous that I ſhould be his ſecond.

"This I could not refuſe; and the preliminaries of the meeting, were ſettled between Lenmer's ſecond and myſelf.

"It is ſo painful to me to dwell on this circumſtance, that I ſhall briefly tell your Ladyſhip, the party met in Hyde Park. Lenmer fired firſt, and miſſed: Lord Miramont then fired his piſtol in the air: upon which Captain S—— and myſelf uſed our beſt endeavours, to accommodate matters; but Lenmer declaring he was not ſatisfied, both again fired; when Lenmer, taking too ſure an aim,

aim, the ball entered Miramont's ſide, who fell, bathed in blood.

" Every attention was paid to him immediately; but the Surgeon I had provided privately told me, from the firſt, that he feared the wound was mortal.—I wiſhed to detain Lenmer; but the Marquis, by ſigns, oppoſed this, ſo he went away directly; and, as I have ſince heard, forced his wife to accompany him in his flight.

" Poor Miramont fainted as we were conveying him home: as ſoon as he recovered, that his wound had been examined by the Surgeons, and a conſultation held, he earneſtly deſired they would not deceive him with falſe hopes, but honeſtly give him their opinion of his ſituation. They heſitated; but he urged them further, ſaying, it was of the utmoſt importance he ſhould know the truth, as he ſhould expire in agonies, if he did not

once more ſee the Marchioneſs, whom he did not wiſh to have alarmed, if he was not judged to be in danger.

"Inarticulately as he ſpoke, it was, nevertheleſs, with ſuch expreſſion of countenance, that the Surgeons thought it right, not entirely to conceal from him the truth. They ſaid, therefore, that, as the preſence of the Marchioneſs might tranquillize his mind, a matter of the greateſt importance in his condition, they ſhould not oppoſe her being ſummoned.

"What followed is known to your Ladyſhip; and nothing remains for me to ſay, excepting, that I doubt whether I ſhall ever again know a happy moment, having too much reaſon to believe, that, by encouraging my friend in vice, I contributed to his deſtruction."

Lady

Lady Bingfield, whoſe indignation at his former conduct had been apparent, now felt ſomewhat ſoftened by the candour of his confeſſion and repentance: ſhe, therefore, forbore further reproaches; but ſhe could ſay nothing to alleviate his ſorrow, which ſeemed as deep as ſincere.

In the hurry and confuſion in which they had been for many hours, no thought of Mrs. Mourtray had occurred to Lady Bingfield. Deliſle, however, had ſent an expreſs to Downton, at the time he ſet out for Highwood, deſiring Mrs. Mourtray to meet her daughter in town: the expreſs was returned, with a note from Miſs Thornley, ſaying, Mrs. Mourtray was unable to leave her bed, being dangerouſly ill with the gout in her ſtomach; and that, juſt before Mr. Deliſle's meſſenger arrived, ſhe had been preparing, to impart this diſagreeable intelligence to Lady Bingfield, deſiring her

to uſe her diſcretion, in regard to diſcloſing it to the Marchioneſs.

That amiable ſufferer, after ſome hours of broken and diſturbed ſlumbers, ſtarted up; and, looking wildly round, could not immediately collect her ideas ſufficiently, to account for her being in a ſtrange place; but, in an inſtant, the whole train of circumſtances, which had brought her thither, flaſhing on her mind, ſhe exclaimed—"Lord Miramont! Good Heaven!—how is he?"

Neither Lady Bingfield, nor Deliſle, had gone to bed; and the former, hearing ſhe was awake, went to her.

"I am going, this moment, to ſee Lord Miramont: I muſt and will ſee him," cried Emma:—"why have I, thus long, been detained from him?"

Lady

Lady Bingfield reminding her, that this had been by the Doctor's desire, entreated her to wait till she had seen him; but Emma would not hear of longer delay; and Doctor ——— being summoned, Lady Bingfield, shrinking from the dreadful task of disclosing the real state of affairs, left it to be performed by him.

He was exceedingly embarrassed, how to soften the shock: scarcely, however, had he begun to touch upon the fatal subject, when Emma, interrupting him, "Oh! Doctor!" cried she; "these moments are far, far too precious to lose!—lead me instantly to Lord Miramont!—something dreadful I have long expected; but, know, I am prepared to meet it."

Doctor ———, much surprized at her firmness, said: "Then, Madam, I no longer object to your visit; yet it is most painful, though necessary, for me to tell

you, that you will have but too much occaſion for all your fortitude in the enſuing ſcene."

"Oh! waſte not time in words!" cried ſhe:—"let me but ſee my Lord—my dear Lord!"

Doctor ———, then, in a few words, related, as tenderly as he could, Lord Miramont's tragical ſtory, to which ſhe liſtened with unutterable anguiſh: he exhorted her, however, to compoſe herſelf:—"I will;" cried ſhe:—"that gracious Power, whom I humbly adored in proſperity, will, I truſt, not forſake me in this hour of affliction."

Doctor —— was pleaſed to ſee her tears flow, and he gave her his arm to conduct her to Lord Miramont's chamber. When they reached the door, he begged leave to ſtep in firſt, that his Lordſhip might not be ſurprized on a ſudden: while

while he was gone, ſhe waited with Lady Bingfield and Deliſle, in the anti-room; who, reſpecting her ſorrows, did not annoy her with any common-place conſolations.

The Doctor now appeared; and, making her a ſign to advance, ſhe haſtened to her Lord's bed ſide; and Doctor —— retired.

"Angel of Peace!" cried Lord Miramont, in a hollow voice:—"are you come to pardon and bleſs me, before I die?"

Emma, in vain, tried to ſpeak: ſhe could only, paſſionately, kiſs his hand.

"Oh! ſpeak!" ſaid Lord Miramont:—"once more let me hear that voice, which never yet expreſſed reproof..... though I....."

He ſeemed much agitated; and Emma exerting herſelf, ſaid:—"My deareſt, my beloved Lord, I have nothing to pardon .... for I have .... not been offended.—Oh! if my prayers could avail, your life, more precious to me than ....."

She could not proceed; and Lord Miramont, ſpeaking with rather more firmneſs than before, ſaid—"Culpable, then, as I am, you forgive me: my ſweet Emma forgives me!"

In the tendereſt words, ſhe aſſured him ſhe did.

"Oh! that Heaven may be merciful, and pardon my offences!" cried he:—"may this puniſhment expiate them!... With what horror and diſguſt do I now review the paſt.... how differently would I live.... if.... but it cannot be."

He

He fetched a deep ſigh; and, after a ſhort pauſe, he ſaid—"Mourn not for me, my love: my mind never was worthy of your's.....this ſtroke, perhaps, was neceſſary to awaken ſome ſenſe of virtue in my breaſt.....yet, oh!.....to die in the flower of my age.....to leave ſuch an angelic creature.....never, never more to behold her!.....Oh! this cuts, this wounds.....but God's will be done. It is a mark, I hope, of the Divine Favour, that my life has been ſpared long enough.....for me to expire in your arms."

Again he pauſed:—"If my child," continued he, "ever ſees the light, teach it to beware of reſembling its father.... teach it to become like its mother.... but I am faint.... let me...., thank that good woman, Lady Bingfield.... let me ſee Deliſle.... and, then, my laſt prayer ſhall be for my Emma's happineſs....her name.... ſhall be the laſt

word..... that my faltering tongue pron....."

He ceaſed, apparently quite exhauſted; and the Surgeon, who waited at a little diſtance, gave him a cordial, recommending to him to keep very quiet; but Lord Miramont, ſeeming to rally his ſtrength, oppoſed this:—"All will ſoon be over," ſaid he:—"let me, at leaſt, enjoy the dregs of life."

Lady Bingfield and Deliſle now appeared: the former he gratefully thanked for his attention to his wife, recommending her ſtill to watch over her. Deliſle he charged to ſtop any proceedings againſt Lenmer, ſaying, he heartily forgave him: then, wringing the hand of his friend, he ſaid, with more energy than could be expected in his ſituation,—"View me, and reform!—farewell Deliſle!—farewell for ever!"

He

He motioned, then, with his hand, that all ſhould depart, excepting Lady Miramont; who, ſeated on the bed, ſupported him with her arm: he ſeemed to be trying to recollect ſomething: at laſt he ſaid, in broken accents, "If I miſtake not, it was about this time two years ago, that my Emma firſt owned ſhe loved me.... Ah! how happy I was then!... how bleſſed have I ſince been!.... and now.... but it is all my own fault.... ſtrange that I could, even for a moment, ceaſe to adore you!—my heart now.... is all your own.... receive my grateful thanks... for... I can... no more... Emma...my love...one parting embrace ... and then..."

His head fell upon her ſhoulder—his lips touched her's—the word Emma died upon his tongue—and his eyes cloſed for ever!

The

The unhappy Marchioneſs, uttering a ſhriek, fell into a ſwoon. The medical people and attendants now haſtily approached, and ſhe was carried to her own apartment, accompanied by Lady Bingfield.

Doctor ——— judged it prudent to bleed her, which reſtored her ſenſes; and, of courſe, the acute anguiſh, which had been ſuſpended by inſenſibility. Violent pains now ſeized her; and, in a few hours, ſhe was prematurely delivered of a dead boy. A raging fever and delirium followed this event; and very ſlight hopes were entertained, of her ſurviving ſuch accumulated evils.

While ſhe was in this deplorable ſtate, the laſt honours were paid to the remains of the ill-fated Marquis; who, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, poſſeſſed of every perſonal endowment—of every accidental advantage; who was formed,

by

by his temper and diſpoſition, to be the joy of ſociety; and who ſeemed to have been deſtined, by his admirable conſtitution, to attain old age;—this man, ſo highly gifted by nature and fortune, was thus cut off in his prime!

His untimely end may juſtly be aſcribed, to his never having ſought to curb thoſe paſſions, which ſo often precipitated him into guilt; and to his having ſacrificed every conſideration of virtue and religion, to the gratification of ſenſual pleaſure.

Had he cultivated the talents and good qualities, he derived from nature, he might have done honour to his country—credit to his family—and enjoyed a large portion of happineſs; but honour, credit, and happineſs, were blighted by himſelf alone.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

LORD MIRAMONT'S eſtates, and a Barony, devolved on one of his diſtant relations; the Marquiſate became extinct; and a jointure of two thouſand pounds a year, his houſe in town, with all that it contained, and an old caſtle in the North, with a very ſmall eſtate annexed to it, became the property of Emma.

The thoughtleſs extravagance of the Marquis, his extreme negligence and averſion to buſineſs, had often occaſioned the greateſt embarraſſment in his affairs; but he had invariably diſregarded all remonſtrances on this ſubject, ſaying, with the levity peculiar to him—"*Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.*"—Provided that he himſelf felt no difficulties, he was perfectly eaſy, and every thing elſe might take its own courſe.

Emma,

Emma, who thought it a duty, had wiſhed occaſionally to interfere, eſpecially when, by ſo doing, ſhe could ſtop uſeleſs expenſe, or check the depredations of perſons, who ſeemed rather to conſult their own intereſts, than thoſe of their Lord: but all power of this kind was denied her, her province having been to pleaſe, amuſe, but never to controul.

Hence the debts on the Miramont eſtate were enormous; and the heir found, that many years of frugality, would not counterbalance, the very few, that had been paſſed in extravagance.

While theſe buſy, perplexing, and melancholy ſcenes had been paſſing, Emma, confined to her bed, was either delirious, or ſunk into a ſtate of inſenſibility, and only, at times, conſcious of the extent of her miſery. Not only Lady Bingfield, but the amiable *Sidonie*, nurſed her with the tendereſt care; the latter flying to her

her benefactreſs, as ſoon as ſhe heard of her misfortunes, through the channel of a newſpaper. Doctor ———, too, neglected no means, to ſave his intereſting patient; and his ſkill not being inferior to his humanity, ſhe was, at length, pronounced out of danger, and convaleſcent.

Such was the ſtate of Emma, when, one day, as ſhe was repoſing on a couch, having for the firſt time left her bed, ſhe heard people earneſtly talking in her dreſſing-room, and, though they ſpoke low, ſhe thought ſhe diſtinguiſhed her father's voice. It was the firſt gleam of pleaſure, that had penetrated to her heart for a long time paſt; and, impatient to be relieved from doubt, ſhe rang her bell, which immediately brought in one of her attendants, when, obſerving what vague and heſitating anſwers, were returned to her enquiries, ſhe no longer doubted the truth.—" Oh, my father!—my dear

'dear father!" ſhe exclaimed:—"am I, then, once more to ſee you!"

Lady Bingfield now appeared:—"Calm your agitation, my dear Lady Miramont," ſaid ſhe, "or your health will ſuffer."

"Oh! diſmiſs your fears;—let me but ſee my deareſt father, for what can hurt me now?—Have I not ſurvived the moſt poignant grief!"

Mourtray, who was liſtening at the door, would no longer be reſtrained; and, ruſhing forward, he flew to embrace his beloved daughter.—Nothing could be more tender, or affecting, than this interview; but it had not any of the bad conſequences, that had been apprehended, for the ſight of her father ſeemed to pour balm into the heart of the afflicted Emma:—they wept together, and interchanged a thouſand endearments.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mourtray had frequently been the object of her daughter's anxiety, since the moment that she emerged out of that frightful ſtupor, into which ſhe had fallen, when the violence of her fever abated. Mourtray, now, could tranquillize her in this reſpect; for, though he had, on his arrival at Downton, found his wife almoſt on the brink of the grave, a favourable revolution had taken place in her diſorder, and ſhe was believed to be likely to recover.

Henry Mourtray, and Selina, as ſoon as the news of her danger reached them, haſtened to Downton; and Mourtray, who had gone thither, immediately after he landed at Falmouth, inſtead of being greeted with joy, as he had expected, met with nothing but tears and lamentations; Mrs. Mourtray's ſituation, then, being highly alarming, and the cruel events already related, having recently happened in the Miramont family.

But, in a ſhort time, Mourtray's apprehenſions concerning his wife ſubſiding, he left her to the care of her ſon, and Selina, being full of impatience to ſee, and conſole his darling Emma. His preſence, certainly, was of ſervice to her; yet, though her health gradually mended, the deep melancholy that filled her whole ſoul, rather increaſed, than decreaſed: her cruel loſs had, at firſt, appeared like a frightful dream; but, now, each returning day too fully convinced her of its reality.

Moſt impatiently did ſhe long to get out of the houſe, where ſhe had ſeen her beloved Lord expire; but, while ſhe was ſo feeble, and in ſuch precarious health, her phyſicians would not conſent to her removal.

Mrs. Mourtray, who had been kept in total ignorance of her daughter's ſad ſtory, till ſhe could hear it without danger

of

of conſequences pernicious to herſelf, no ſooner heard what had paſſed, than ſhe became urgent in her entreaties to Emma, to come to Downton, being unable to ſtir thence; and Mourtray, at length, obtained the phyſicians permiſſion, to carry his daughter into the country, on condition, that ſhe ſhould travel very ſlowly.

Emma was received with the tendereſt affection by her mother, brother, and his wife; and it may eaſily be imagined, that this firſt interview did not paſs, without many tears being ſhed by all parties.

Emma, though ſhe ſeldom left her own chamber, would not refuſe, occaſionally, to ſee the Thornley family, who had been ſuch excellent friends to her mother, eſpecially the good Rebecca, who had ſo often nurſed her with the tendereſt care.

Solitude, now, was Emma's only delight; and ſhe wiſhed for nothing ſo much,

as

as to retire to her houſe in the North, and there, concealed from the world, be at liberty to indulge her own ſad thoughts. Her family warmly oppoſed this ſcheme; but, when the ſpring was advanced, and that her ſpirits appeared no better, her father deemed it prudent, to let her, for a time, have her own way; thinking, that change of air and ſcene might be of ſervice to her; he proteſted, however, ſhe ſhould not go quite alone; and this not being permitted, ſhe wrote to aſk her favourite *Sidonie* to accompany her.

She knew that this friend had lately placed her children at a ſeminary, and, therefore, would not ſcruple to leave town for a few months.—The anſwer ſhe received from *Sidonie*, being juſt what ſhe expected, after taking an affectionate leave of her parents, ſhe went, in her way to the North, to Lady Bingfield's houſe, in town, not being able to bear the idea of returning to Hill Street.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mourtray accompanied her on her journey from Downton, their arrival being impatiently expected by Mr. Silbourne, who was full of anxiety concerning his daughter, as the time of her confinement approached.

During the few days Emma ſtaid in town, Lady Wilmington, and Lady Elizabeth Paragon, called upon her; but ſhe would only conſent to ſee the former, whoſe near relationſhip to her lamented Lord, as, likewiſe, the ſtrong affection ſhe had borne him, gave her a claim to Emma's reſpect.

Both mingled their tears together, deploring his untimely end.—Lady Wilmington had, now, entirely renounced her youngeſt daughter: while ſhe had only thought her imprudent, ſhe had ſeen her, in defiance of the Earl's prohibition; but the countenance Lady Bell had afforded Mrs. Lenmer, the ſuſpicion ſhe incurred,

curred, of having connived at her intrigue with Lord Miramont, and her ſubſequent conduct during the laſt winter, had completely diſguſted, and offended her mother.

It may not be amiſs here, to take a ſhort review of Lady Bell's actions, from the time ſhe left Highwood, with her friend, Mrs. Lenmer, ſo perfectly congenial to her in diſpoſition.—When theſe Ladies had arrived in town, they found Mr. Lenmer already there; and extremely diſpleaſed that his wife, whom he had expected to find under her brother's roof, was, at that moment, and had long been, at Lord Miramont's, whoſe reputation for gallantry was too well known to this jealous huſband, not to alarm him exceedingly.

Darnford, equally ill-tempered, though leſs violent than the other, wiſhed to avoid getting into a ſerious quarrel with

 him;

him; therefore, after liſtening to a long ſtring of complaints, the Iriſhman brought againſt Mrs. Lenmer, he ſought to appeaſe his wrath; vindicating her in ſome points, and only ſlightly condemning her in others.

But Mr. Lenmer's wrath was not to be appeaſed, eſpecially when, inſtead of trying to conciliate, ſhe met him with looks of defiance; indeed, at that time, her thoughts were ſo entirely engroſſed by Lord Miramont, that ſhe took no pains to conceal the hatred ſhe bore her huſband. Such behaviour, of courſe, increaſed his rage, and he inſiſted on her immediate departure from England; but receiving from her a peremptory refuſal, he ſwore he would carry her, by force, to Ireland; and this it was that decided her to elope.

What followed has already been related; nothing, therefore, remains to be added,

added, relative to this couple, excepting that, after Lenmer's unfortunate duel, he ſeized on his wife, whom, in deſpite of her reſiſtance, he ſucceeded in carrying off; and, having conveyed her to Ireland, he ſhut her up in an old houſe, he had in one of the provinces moſt diſtant from Dublin, where ſhe miſerably ended her days, alternately a prey to reſentment, grief, and remorſe.

The noiſe her adventure made, with the part Lady Bell had taken in it, threw no ſmall degree of odium upon her: people who had more memory than herſelf, recollected many acts of kindneſs ſhe had received from Lady Miramont, which ſhe had repaid by the baſeſt ingratitude; and, in proportion to the pity and eſteem which the amiable Marchioneſs inſpired, was, the abhorrence excited by her falſe friend.

The frequent ſlights that Lady Bell now experienced, ſtung her pride the

more, as ſhe had long been in the habit of ſuppoſing, that her rank and beauty gave her a right to do whatever ſhe pleaſed. To regain the conſideration ſhe had loſt, ſhe redoubled her endeavours to make her houſe gay, and agreeable; but theſe were in vain, for ſhe attracted few perſons thither, excepting thoſe of characters too light to re-eſtabliſh her own; and Deliſle having deſerted her, from the time they parted at Highwood, ſhe felt herſelf deſtitute of friends and lovers.

This circumſtance pained her longer, than did the death of the Marquis (her favourite relation), for this event had only given her a momentary ſhock. Afterwards, ſhe ſucceeded in gaining new admirers; and then, throwing off every ſemblance of decency, ſhe boldly indulged herſelf in all her fancies.

It was about the beginning of June, when Emma and her companion arrived

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at their new habitation, after a journey which they had purpoſely made unuſually ſlow, to leſſen, as much as poſſible, the fatigue.

Lowbarrow Caſtle, the deſtined reſidence of Emma, was ſituated on the banks of one of the Lakes of Cumberland. Lord Miramont had ſettled this place upon her, becauſe it was the only unentailed part of his landed property; and although he knew no otherwiſe, than by report, of the beauty of its ſite, yet he had thought it particularly adapted to her romantic diſpoſition; but ſo little taſte had he himſelf for pictureſque ſcenery, that never, in the courſe of his life, had he been once tempted to go and ſee Lowbarrow.

His father, who had inherited this place from an uncle, uſed regularly, every year, to paſs two months there, partly to enjoy its local charms, and partly for the

ſake of ſhooting moor game. The Caſtle, once, had been of vaſt ſize; but it had long fallen to decay, and all that remained of it now was the eaſtern tower: this he had ſo far repaired, as to render the walls ſecure, without, however, ſuffering any other change to be made in its appearance, than that of enlarging the windows, ſo as to admit more light and air: but, when he uſed to come here, as he never brought with him more than one or two male friends, and only few ſervants, he had contented himſelf with the very ancient furniture, which had already been there many generations.

This fragment of the old Caſtle ſtood on an eminence, in a wild foreſt-like park, full of deer; bounded on the North by a range of lofty mountains, of various hues, and ſhapes, their conical heads riſing one above the other: ſome of theſe were covered with purple heath, and patches of herbage, where goats and ſheep

ſheep were fed;—others bore no marks of vegetation, nothing appearing on them, ſave blue rag, or large blocks of ſtone, rudely tumbled about; and a ſoft blue tint being ſpread over thoſe in the back ground, they ſeemed to melt into the ſkies; indeed, their ſummits were ſeldom viſible, as the clouds reſted upon them.

The elevated ſituation of the Caſtle, full a mile from the Lake, gave it a moſt beautiful view of its whole expanſe; and, juſt in front of the building, a ſmall glen opened, gently ſloping to the water; but, this ſpot excepted, the park was divided from the Lake by enormous rocks. Theſe were covered with oak, beech, mountain aſh, and weeping birch; the latter gracefully bending towards the lucid ſtream beneath, whence their ſtems actually iſſued. The holly, the larch, and various ſhrubs, ſprung out of the cragged piles of ſtone, which awfully nodded over the Lake; yet theſe clifts,

bare as they were of ſoil, being ſo richly clothed with vegetation, added not a little to the wonder of the ſcenery, for the roots of the talleſt foreſt-trees, ſeemed really ſuſpended in the air.

Amid theſe rocks, a winding road had been cut, which led to the Caſtle; part of the way was enveloped in ſhade, and only, occaſionally, the eye caught a peep of the glittering water through the foliage; but the ſummit being once reached, then the Lake, in all its majeſty, ſuddenly burſt to view.

At no great diſtance from the Caſtle was a wooded dell, which had long been a favourite ſpot with the eagles: thither they deſcended from their aerie, built on the pinnacle of one of thoſe high rocks, to the North of the building; and their approach ſcared away all other birds.

In

In the midſt of this thick copſe was a large ſtone baſon, not made by Art, but ſcooped out of the ground, by an immenſe torrent, which, after forcing its way through a fiſſure in the mountains, fell perpendicularly near two hundred feet, with an aſtoniſhing noiſe and foam, and then, leaping from ſtone to ſtone, it daſhed impetuouſly along the wood. Having paſſed this, and being no longer obſtructed in its courſe by ſtones, or ſtumps of trees, it flowed more calmly, as a tranſparent rivulet down the glen, becoming one of the feeders of the Lake.

Scenes ſuch as theſe were calculated, to draw off Emma's attention from her own ſad thoughts: ſhe could not help exclaiming, with wonder, at every freſh object ſhe beheld; nor was ſhe leſs delighted with the Caſtle, than with its appendages. But even this tranſient gleam of pleaſure was embittered by tender regrets,—that objects ſo captivating,

never could be viewed by *him*, who had once been their owner, and to whoſe bounty ſhe was indebted for their poſſeſſion.

As ſilently ſhe explored her new domain, tears trickled down her cheeks; but her friend *Sidonie* had been too long inured to ſorrow, to think of checking its courſe in another, having learned by experience, that time alone can blunt its edge.

This amiable Frenchwoman had never ceaſed to mourn a huſband ſhe had adored; they had been deſtined from their cradles for each other, and united at a very early age: ſhe had brought him an immenſe fortune, and both were related, or connected, to all the nobleſt families in France. High in rank, rich, and proſperous in every reſpect, for a few years, they lived ſupremely happy; when the horrid revolution tearing him from

from her arms, ſhe had the unſpeakable miſery of knowing, that he, her father, and brother, had all periſhed by the guillotine!

She herſelf narrowly eſcaped ſuffering the ſame fate; but, having notice of her danger, ſhe contrived to emigrate with her children, and, joining the Duke and Ducheſs (her late huſband's parents), with them became wretched fugitives, expoſed to every calamity attendant on poverty. In this dreadful ſtate, her extraordinary fortitude, patience, and courage, enabled her to be of the greateſt uſe to herſelf and family; and, before they obtained ſome relief from Government, to her induſtry, they had been indebted for their daily ſupport.

At length, Emma becoming acquainted with their ſituation, as already related, and exerting herſelf to amend it, had the ſatisfaction to ſucceed; at firſt, chiefly by

means of her influence with others, but, afterwards, by her own liberality, when ſhe herſelf had attained affluence.

Sidonie, therefore, for every reaſon, was exactly ſuited to be the companion of Emma, in her preſent ſtate of mind; and, though they differed in ſome points of faith, both agreed in deriving their beſt conſolation from religion.

Accuſtomed to confide their feelings to each other, to talk inceſſantly of thoſe they ſo tenderly regretted, inſenſibly they found a melancholy pleaſure in the indulgence of grief; and, perhaps, ſoon it would wholly have abſorbed all their faculties, if they had not recollected, that, while they lived for themſelves alone, they neglected to fulfil many important duties, impoſed upon them by their Creator.

Their

Their natural activity of mind and body being rouſed by this reflection, they felt aſhamed of having ſpent nearly a month, ſince their arrival at Lowbarrow, in total diſregard of their poor neighbours, to whom they might have been of the greateſt ſervice. Immediately they altered their mode of life, and, ſeeking out objects of diſtreſs, they buſily employed themſelves with their needle, to clothe ſome half naked women and children, who inhabited the barren mountains behind the Caſtle.

Beſides this occupation, they made frequent viſits, to comfort and relieve the ſick; and theſe acts of benevolence engroſſed their thoughts ſo much, that, having little leiſure to brood over their ſorrows, the recollection of them gently began to fade, particularly with Emma, who was younger, and naturally more lively than her friend.

The latter obſerved, with pleaſure, that a ſoft ſmile occaſionally played on Emma's lips, and that her eyes had recovered much of their wonted luſtre. The period of her mourning had now been over ſome time; and the ſix months *Sidonie* had promiſed to ſpend with her being elapſed, impatient to ſee her children, ſhe could no longer defer her departure; but all her endeavours, to perſuade Emma to accompany her, were in vain, for ſhe ſeemed bent on remaining in her ſolitude, notwithſtanding her parents ſolicitations, and even remonſtrances againſt this meaſure.

This oppoſition, on her part, was occaſioned by her having conceived a notion, that her health and ſpirits, which had ſo materially mended in the quiet of Lowbarrow, would infallibly relapſe, if ſhe returned again into the buſy ſcenes of life.

It wanted now but two days of *that*, fixed for the journey of *Sidonie*, and their approaching ſeparation overwhelmed theſe amiable friends with ſadneſs. Tempted by the beauty of the morning, unuſually fine for this dreary ſeaſon, they agreed to ramble among the wooded crags, which hung over the Lake.

Tired with climbing this rugged aſcent, they wiſhed to reſt themſelves on a moſs ſeat, placed in an excavation of a jutting rock, ſheltered above by hollies, and now reſplendent with ſcarlet berries, the ſun ſhining full upon them; but, ſcarcely had they been ſeated there five minutes, when, looking down on the Lake beneath, they perceived a boat making towards the ſhore.

Travellers frequently came to explore theſe northern regions; but, long before the deciduous trees had been ſtripped of foliage, theſe excurſions had entirely ceaſed:

ceaſed: Emma, therefore, became extremely agitated, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw this boat, which contained ſeveral perſons, ſuſpecting other motives than curioſity, brought them thither.

The boat had now reached the glen; and, among thoſe who landed, ſhe clearly diſtinguiſhed her father, brother, and Lord Clannarmon. A mixture of joy, aſtoniſhment, and apprehenſion, rendered her motionleſs; while *Sidonie*, whoſe eyes, having been little familiarized to the figures of any of the party, and not immediately recollecting them, could not imagine the cauſe of her perturbation.—When ſhe learned it, ſhe urged her to deſcend the path that led to the road, which ſhe knew they could reach by a ſhort cut, as ſoon as the Gentlemen could get there from the ſhore.

Emma, much as ſhe longed to ſee her father and Henry, felt, however, ſome reluctance

reluctance to meet Lord Clannarmon; but *Sidonie*, treating this objection as frivolous, over-ruled it; and, hurrying her along, they ſoon came in ſight of the party.

Both Mourtray and his ſon exclaimed, with delight, when they beheld the improved looks of their dear Emma, while, alternately, they folded her in their arms.

Lord Clannarmon attempted to expreſs his ſatisfaction at finding her ſo well; and, likewiſe, to apologize for the liberty he had taken of intruding upon her retirement; but joy confuſed his ſpeech; and ſhe, being engaged with her relations, ſaid little to him.

On their way to the Caſtle, whither they all walked together, Mourtray ſaid, ſmiling, to his daughter, who leaned on his arm, "Do not imagine that I have given

given myſelf the trouble of coming thus far, without expecting a ſuitable reward; poſitively, therefore, you muſt return with us: your friend, *Sidonie*, ſhall accompany you; and, after reſting a few days in Yorkſhire, at Mr. Silbourne's, where you will find Selina, her little boy, and Lady Bingfield, I ſhall carry you both to Downton: there you ſhall remain, while I convey your friend to town, and prepare for your's and our reception there."

"My dear father," cried Emma, "I declare, I never heard you ſpeak in this peremptory manner before!"

"Perhaps not," anſwered he; "becauſe circumſtances did not render it neceſſary: now I muſt do ſo, to compel you to do what is right; for you have been very refractory of late."

This was ſaid too good-humouredly to hurt Emma; and, finding her father would

would not liſten to any excuſes, ſhe yielded with a good grace to his wiſhes.

"It is my intention," ſaid Mourtray, "to be your gueſt this night: the young men mean only (with your permiſſion) to have the pleaſure of dining with you, and then depart; but, for fear the weather ſhould change, we will ourſelves begin our journey to-morrow: your ſervants can ſettle your affairs here, and follow you hereafter."

As Mourtray would neither hear of difficulties nor objections, every thing happened as he had arranged; but Emma did not leave her beloved ſolitude, without great reluctance.

Her reception, and that of her friends, at Mr. Silbourne's, was in the ſtyle of old Engliſh hoſpitality—no fine ſpeeches—a ſort of politeneſs, bordering, perhaps, on formality,

formality, but blended with the moſt cordial welcome.

Selina preſented to her a lovely nephew: both ſhe and Lady Bingfield heartily rejoiced to ſee Emma, in appearance, reſtored to what ſhe had formerly been; and, though ſhe was ſtill melancholy, they had no doubt that, after a time, ſhe would recover her wonted vivacity.

Lord Clannarmon, happy as he was to paſs a few days in her ſociety, was extremely cautious not to alarm her delicacy, by any marked attentions; and he and Henry remained at Mr. Silbourne's, when the other travellers went to Downton.—There they found Mrs. Mourtray, as well as ſhe had ever been ſince her ſerious illneſs, and in great ſpirits: her huſband having this year received a large produce from his Weſt India eſtate, and willing (now that he could afford it) to take a good

good houſe in town, where ſhe was perſuaded, ſhe ſhould entirely recover her health.

Mourtray ſettled with his daughter, that ſhe ſhould part with her houſe, in Hill Street, which ſhe could not bear to inhabit; and that, for the preſent, ſhe ſhould reſide with him, at a houſe he intended taking, in Portland Place. To make the neceſſary preparations for the reception of his family, he haſtened to town, accompanied by *Sidonie*; who, after taking an affectionate leave of her friend, rejoined the Duke and Ducheſs, with whom ſhe found her children.

Late as it was in the year when Emma arrived at Downton, the Wilmington's, contrary to their uſual cuſtom, were ſtill in the country; and the Counteſs, with her ſon, came immediately to ſee her.—Lord Fontelieu, afterwards, frequently repeated his viſits; and when Mourtray returned

returned from London, he openly avowed his intention of propoſing to Emma.—His character was ſo highly reſpectable, and his ſituation ſuch, that, whatever ſecret views Mourtray had in regard to his daughter, he could not decline informing her of ſo honourable a propoſal.

But Emma, without the ſlighteſt heſitation, rejected it; requeſting her father to aſſure Lord Fontelieu, that ſhe was extremely ſenſible of the honour he had done her; but that it was impoſſible ſhe could think of altering her condition.

"I am very ready, in your name," ſaid Mourtray, "to decline Lord Fontelieu's offer; but not exactly in this manner, as I cannot poſſibly approve of your making any final reſolves againſt marriage. You are much too young to decide, what your ſentiments may be ſome time hence."

"My

"My dear father," cried Emma, "after what I have ſuffered, ſurely you do not, you cannot wiſh me to expoſe myſelf, a ſecond time, to ſuch misfortunes?"

"It does not follow, my dear child," ſaid Mourtray, "becauſe you have once been unfortunate, that you ſhould be ſo again. Do not ſuppoſe I mean to reproach you, when I ſay that our happineſs, nine times in ten, depends upon our own prudence. May *that* be your guide in your future choice!—for I moſt ſincerely hope you will be induced to make one."

The Mourtrays, and their lovely daughter, being ſettled in town, the latter was permitted either to ſtay in her own apartment, or mix in company, juſt as ſhe choſe; and Mourtray had the ſatisfaction of obſerving, that, by leaving her thus unconſtrained,

conſtrained, ſhe daily became more compoſed and cheerful.

Lord Clanmarmon was a frequent viſitor in Portland Place: his intentions could not be miſtaken by Emma, who was not diſpoſed to encourage them; but, as a perſon whom ſhe highly eſteemed, and as the friend of her family, to whom they were indebted for a thouſand kindneſſes, ſhe treated him with cordial regard.

It was very viſible, that not only her father, but alſo Henry and his wife, warmly eſpouſed his cauſe; but, as they had not yet ſpoken openly to her, on this ſubject, ſhe feigned not to perceive what was paſſing in their minds.

When, however, the time for going into the country arrived, and that ſhe talked of making her Northern expedition, Mourtray firmly oppoſed it, entreating

ing her patiently to attend to ſomething of conſequence, which he had to communicate; and then he repreſented, in forcible language, Lord Clannarmon's long and faithful paſſion—the excellence of his character and underſtanding—his many amiable qualities—and how perfectly ſuitable he was to her, in age, temper, habits of life, and manners: his rank and fortune, too, he ſaid, were ſuch as would enſure to this connexion univerſal approbation. In ſhort, being thoroughly convinced, that Lord Clannarmon was calculated to make her happy, to ſee her united to him had ever been, and would ever be, the wiſh neareſt his heart.

Mourtray's earneſtneſs, in this affair, greatly embarraſſed his daughter: ſhe acknowledged all Lord Clannarmon's merits; but ſhe did not feel inclined to marry. "I eſteem him," ſaid ſhe, "more than any man I know; but I do not feel

for him any other ſentiment: were I, then, to conquer my repugnance to marriage, could Lord Clannarmon, with that delicacy of ſentiment which you ſuppoſe, be happy with a wife who felt no more?"

"My deareſt Emma," returned Mourtray, "be aſſured that an union, founded on eſteem and friendſhip, ſtands a far greater chance of happineſs, than that, which has no other baſis than violent paſſion; becauſe it is the nature of the latter to evaporate, and of the former to increaſe."

Emma ſighed, conſcious that ſhe had too cruelly experienced the truth of this maxim, in the conduct of the Marquis; and, at length, ſhe was perſuaded, at leaſt to hear Lord Clannarmon plead his own cauſe.

This conceſſion delighted her father; but it was not without mingled ſenſations of

of hope and fear, that Lord Clanmarmon availed himſelf of it The firſt ſtep he judged neceſſary, was to account for his long ſilence, on a ſubject which had intereſted him far beyond all others, from the earlieſt period of their acquaintance.

At that time having, as he ſaid, only the proſpect of a fortune; and a ſtrong ſuſpicion, added he, ſmiling, that his exterior was not exactly formed to captivate a beautiful young woman, juſt entering into life, he really had not had the courage to avow his ſentiments. But, afterwards, being convinced ſhe poſſeſſed an underſtanding of the firſt rate, his fears, in regard to her rejecting him, for theſe reaſons, diminiſhed; when, unfortunately, he diſcovered, ſhe had already diſpoſed of her heart.

Thus condemned to conceal his paſſion, he had ſuffered every ſort of miſery annexed to it, without daring to complain,

or ever ceaſing to adore her; but, now, being certain that there would be innumerable competitors for her favour, he thought the priority of his attachment, authorized him to declare, that the pure and reſpectful love which glowed in his boſom, would only end with his life; and, without preſſing her to decide haſtily in a matter of ſuch importance, all he implored was, that ſhe would ſuffer him to hope, ſhe would conſider of it.

Emma, ſenſible that he had drawn an exact repreſentation of his ſentiments, was much diſtreſſed how to act: on one hand, reducing to deſpair, a man capable of feeling a paſſion ſo faithful and tender, ſeemed cruel: on the other hand, to deceive him, in any reſpect, would be ſtill worſe.

She, therefore, frankly owned, that, though ſhe had the ſincereſt eſteem and regard for him, ſhe did not believe ſhe could

could ever again experience, for any perſon, ſentiments ſuch as ſhe had once felt; and this being the caſe, ſhe could not think it poſſible, that ſhe ſhould promote his happineſs, by giving him reaſon to believe, ſhe might hereafter beſtow upon him her hand.

Lord Clannarmon warmly aſſured her, that the ſmalleſt gleam of hope would tranſport him; at the ſame time proteſting, that, if he found her indifference not to be ſhaken either by time, or his aſſiduities, he would ceaſe to importune her with his ſuit.

Emma, on this condition, conſented to liſten to him; to which ſhe was principally induced, by the deſire of gratifying her father; at whoſe requeſt ſhe laid aſide her intended journey to Lowbarrow Caſtle, and paſſed the ſummer at Downton.

There Lord Clannarmon ſaw her frequently: he read, he walked, and he attended her, ſometimes, when ſhe went on horſeback. At firſt ſhe ſuffered his attentions merely out of complaiſance; but, inſenſibly, ſhe thought thoſe days long and dull, which he did not paſs at Downton; finding, in his converſation, a perpetual ſource of inſtruction, as well as amuſement.

At length ſhe became ſenſible, that, however beauty may faſcinate the eye, yet, unleſs it be accompanied by virtue, and intelligence of mind, it does not take ſo ſtrong a hold on the heart, as ſympathy of tempers and inclinations, added to a conviction of ſuperior merit.

Each day unfolding ſome new trait of Lord Clannarmon's worth, Emma now experienced the truth, of what ſhe had often heard,—that no perſon could live much in his ſociety, without loving him.

At

At the end of two years after the death of the Marquis, Mourtray had the exquiſite pleaſure of beſtowing the hand of the Marchioneſs of Miramont, on Lord Clannarmon, and of hearing her acknowledge, frequently, ſince that period, that ſhe was one of the happieſt of women.

Lord Clannarmon's conduct, after his marriage, was ſo thoroughly amiable, that he was univerſally allowed, to give a perfect example, of what huſbands ought to be; and Lady Miramont, though ſhe had not the ſame opportunities, of diſplaying the virtues of patience and forbearance, as during her former marriage, when ſhe had been expoſed to perpetual trials, nevertheleſs found, that an habitual intercourſe with worth and underſtanding, ſtrengthens and improves every laudable principle, every ſocial feeling, and every mental faculty.

Mrs. Mourtray recovered her health, and enjoyed that ſhare of felicity ſhe was capable of feeling, dividing her time between her huſband, children, and grandchildren; and her fondneſs for the world being diminiſhed, ſhe contented herſelf, in general, with the ſociety of her own family, the Thornleys, and a few other friends.

By Mr. Silbourne's death, Henry became poſſeſſed of great affluence, of which he made a proper uſe; having been taught, in the ſchool of adverſity, many ſalutary leſſons; and, fortunately, he never forgot them.

Fitzaubert, ſtruck with his brother's virtues, had long endeavoured to imitate them. He was extremely attached to Emma, being convinced that ſhe made her Lord's happineſs her only ſtudy.

Delifle had profited by his friend's warning: his conduct, ſince the tragical end of the Marquis, had been unexceptionable; and he was well and happily married.

Lady Bingfield treated Emma with the ſame tender affection as her niece; and was equally loved and reſpected by both.

Lord Wilmington, affected by the loſs of a conſiderable part of his property, in Ireland, in conſequence of the rebellion, and diſappointed in his ambitious views in England, fell ſick, and died; and, on this occaſion, the Counteſs found, in Emma, all that kindneſs and attention, which Lady Elizabeth Paragon neglected to ſhew her: Lady Miramont, therefore, became one of the chief comforts of her life; and, proud and capricious as ſhe was, ſhe acknowledged the merit of Lord Clannarmon.

As

As for Lady Bell Darnford, ſhe con
tinued her licentious courſe of life; but
though ſtill very young, her beauty al
ready began to fade: deſirous, however
of extending her conqueſts, and often
ſeverely pinched by her huſband's loſſe
at play, ſhe experienced all thoſe miſerie
attendant on diſappointed vanity.

Chowles, ever eager to graſp money
engaged in ſuch a variety of ſpeculation
that he became a bankrupt a ſhort tim
after Mourtray returned from Antigua
all the curioſities, and valuables of ever
ſort, which he had been at ſuch pains
collect, were ſold; and, being compelle
to conſult the ſtricteſt œconomy, he r
tired into a cheap country, where h
lived obſcurely, on the ſcanty remnant
his immenſe riches.

The noble emigrants, who had ſo u
deſervedly fallen from their elevat
ſtation, found, in Lord Clanmarmon's a
Emma

Emma's generous friendſhip, if not ſufficient to compenſate for what they had loſt, at leaſt that tender intereſt, which gently lulled to reſt their ſorrows.—*Sidonie* continued the favourite friend of Emma.

The hiſtory of the Mourtray family evinces, that, on the proper regulation of our paſſions, our fate chiefly depends.—The cruel diſappointment of Emma, in her firſt choice, may fairly be aſcribed to Vanity. Had ſhe not ſecretly been ſwayed by this, ſhe would not have been captivated by an illuſtrious libertine; nor have formed an alliance with a mind, ſo little in uniſon with her own.

Devoted to voluptuouſneſs, Lord Miramont's life fell a ſacrifice to his want of principle.

The love of play, brought on Henry a train of misfortunes.

Avarice

Avarice precipitated Chowles from the ſummit of opulence, to the loweſt ſtate of penury.

Vanity and diſſipation, combined with levity, occaſioned Lady Bell Darnford's fall; and paſſions, ſtill more deteſtable, doomed Mrs. Lenmer, to end her days in a diſgraceful confinement.

While Mourtray and Lord Clannarmon, although they could not entirely eſcape, the misfortunes incident to human nature, found, even in the midſt of theſe, that conſolation, which can only be derived from the conſciouſneſs of integrity; and, after ſurmounting ſome difficulties, their generous diſpoſitions were ſo framed, as to enable them to enjoy ſtill more than their own—the happineſs of all connected with them.

FINIS.

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